

Egyptian



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Vol. 2, No. 4

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KEY

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Volume 2, Number 4

December, 1945

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Little Wabash River near Carmi, photo by Rissi Studio.....	Cover
The Open Door.....	3
Egypt's Book Shelf.....	8
Is It or Isn't It? by Will Griffith.....	13
A New Young World, by Don Moore.....	14
Hotel on the Ohio, by Eva Oxford Gersbacher.....	15
Flowers to the Living, by Vachel Davis.....	19
Idols of Egypt—X.—Robert Ridgway, by Katharine Quick Griffith.....	20
College Sports in Egypt.....	24
Outdoor Beauty in Egypt.....	25
Hunters All	26
Turkey Bluff, by Alice Harris Wheeler.....	27
Mementos, Medallions, and Memories, by Katharine Quick Griffith.....	29
Nighttime, by Bernie Smith.....	32
Five Fine Flour Generations, by Ernest Bicknell.....	33
Egyptian Scenes.....	44
Civil War Veteran, by Mrs. Albert F. Meyer.....	46
Restoration of the Jarrot Mansion, by Guy Study.....	48
Egyptian Starlight—VI.—Rowland L. Williams.....	50
Courthouse Builder, by Frank Planert.....	52
Popcorn Grows in Egypt, by A. L. Oxford.....	54
Looking Ahead With Egypt, by Ernest Bicknell.....	56
Sorghum Time, by J. O. Gibbe.....	62
Egyptorials.....	64

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The Open Door

I hope you still have two complete sets of the back numbers of the KEY, for a friend and I each want to unlock the door of joy for someone for Christmas. We will send the money and the addresses provided they are not all gone.

My sister, Mrs. L. K. Jackson, of Grand Tower, sent them to me for my birthday in September, and I had an Egyptian vacation in October, using Grand Tower for a base of operations. We went to the Bell Smith Springs area, but although we prowled up and down the creek, we didn't find the natural bridge. Can't you persuade someone to put unobtrusive markers up, to guide the inexperienced? It was worth the trip, even if we did miss the bridge; and I saw the one near Pomona, which I had heard of from my uncle ever since I can remember. The splendid map in the first issue helped us find many points of interest, and there are many, many more reserved for other trips. Thank you for one of the finest magazines in the world.

Please let me know whether or not you can furnish two complete files, and the price. Judging from the letters of appreciation, they may be all gone! You might consider going into a second edition.

I forgot to mention that we were especially interested in the article about James and Sarah Lusk, as we are descended from Major Lusk in the fifth generation. John T. Lusk, my great-great grandfather, was his son by the first wife, Letitia Thomas Lusk. I have always admired Sarah, and been a little sorry that her blood doesn't run in my veins. Our trip to Golconda several years ago was a real thrill.

All good wishes to you.
Miss Jessie E. Springer.
Springfield, Illinois

Please enter my subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY starting with the next issue. I would also like to have you send me a copy of Volume 1, Number 1. I have missed the treat of seeing the EGYPTIAN KEY until a few days ago, when a friend loaned me her copies. I have thoroughly enjoyed them. The map of Egypt in the first issue (Apr-May 1943) mark-

ing the many points of interest is splendid, and a number that I do hope I am not too late to get a copy of.

Mrs. J. Phillips Redman
Cairo, Illinois

Enclosed is a one-dollar money order for the continuation of my subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY, which I think expired last month. I don't want to miss a single issue of the KEY. It really tells the world about Southern Illinois.

My home is Omaha and Eldorado, but I am still in the Hawaiian Islands. Much has been said about exotic Hawaii, but I still take "Egypt, Illinois."

Pfc. Edgar Lee Holt
Hawaiian Islands

Please enter my subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY magazine. I have received several copies, and I cannot tell you how thoroughly I enjoy the consistent excellence of your magazine, especially the historical and scenic background.

With best wishes for continued success of the KEY.

Mrs. Andrew Guerrettaz
Du Quoin, Illinois

Your magazine is both attractive and instructive. Since I am not a native of Illinois, there is much for me to learn of the colorful state history. I expect to use the KEY in my classroom this school year because I feel that it will make excellent supplementary reading material in our state history class.

Mrs. Frank Martin
Equality, Illinois

So many years have gone by since my last stop in Carbondale, that I don't suppose I would know my way around there, but I was intensely interested by the article about the EGYPTIAN KEY in September issue of *Magazine World*. So much so, that I wish you would enter a subscription for me and send me the bill.

My own feeling has always been that "Egypt" is more a state of mind than a geographical area. I know the B&O Railroad is supposed to be the northern boundary and, as a matter of fact, I lived north of it in Bond County and up in

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WEST FRANKFORT

Springfield, but I never could find anyone who did not maintain that Egypt began ten miles further south than where he happened to be standing.

I don't know what personalities you have covered, but you certainly ought to have something to say about Jim White who lived like a Baron in his castle, many years as warden of the Chester Pen. For some years my work kept me in close touch with him and we had some tri-

angular battles, the other angle being Lou Emmerson, boss of Mt. Vernon. We never agreed on anything much but we were all very good friends. Jim White used to sit up for hours on hot summer nights telling me stories of Southern Illinois politics which would have taken an Irvin Cobb to do justice to.

When I said that Egypt is a state of mind, I was thinking, perhaps, of the time I tried to bring suit against a man

down in Vienna (I hope it is still pronounced vy-en-ny) only to find that the State's Attorney was in jail for filling a political rival full of buckshot.

W. R. Robinson

Manhasset, Long Island, New York

• This is just a friendly letter to say to you that I have received the first copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY it has been my pleasure to get shold of, and it really has been a pleasure to read it. This was Number 3, of Volume 2. I found it bubbling with interest and crammed full of "Egyptian lore" that would surely captivate any reader living in the southern part of Illinois.

I think you have a wonderful publication and I hope it achieves the goal you have set for it, which it no doubt will.

Earl L. Allison

Mt. Carmel, Illinois

Senator Flagg has given me his copy of Volume 2, Number 3, of your publication. It is the first I have seen. What a fine piece of work you are doing! I have been somewhat surprised to find that such a product is coming out of Southern Illinois.

The magazine was brought to me because of my relationship with, or rather, descent from James Lusk, he having been my great-great grandfather. Mrs. Thompson's information is excellent and her handling of her material surpasses all else that I have ever read about the Lusks. I think it would add somewhat to the interest, as well as to the authenticity of your stories if mention were made of the sources of their material. I believe this will become increasingly important as time passes and seekers after information will need to substantiate the facts. Of course, I am particularly interested in this instance inasmuch as Mrs. Thompson has given information that is new to me, although my files are bulging.

There is a point or two on which her information does not agree exactly with mine. She might be interested in correcting the name of the wife of John T. Lusk (my great-grandfather) to read, instead of Lucinda Gilliam, *Lucretia Gillham*. I do not, of course, suggest this as a public statement of correction, but only that, if she wishes, she may make a correction in her personal file.

With best wishes for the continuation of your good work.

P. Louise Travous

Edwardsville, Illinois

Through the good offices of some unknown friend I am in receipt of the January 1945 copy of your magazine and though it has been a good two hours since it arrived in the office, I have finished reading it and am now ready for more. I am enclosing my check to cover the remainder of the 1945 issues. Also, you can tell me what prior issues you have for sale and what they will cost me.

I'm a native of Southern Illinois, White County, and remain what these central state folk call a "South-downer." Most of my people live in Egypt and though I've been in Champaign and Vermilion counties for about 24 years, my heart belongs to Egypt.

Sidell, Illinois

Claude W. Pyle



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ing an article written by Miss Lulu
Kelly of Carbondale. Miss Kelly is from
this community, known and loved by all.

I teach in a rural school and find your
magazine very helpful and interests the
children in their own state and communi-
ty. We think it is a wonderful magazine.

Miss Mabel McConkey

Rockwood, Illinois

For some time it has been my intention
to thank you for your kindness in the
form of each new issue of the EGYPTIAN
KEY.

In the nine months that I have been over-
seas, and even while I was still in train-
ing in the States, I don't think there was
anything or is anything that I have de-
rived more pleasure from except maybe
my letters from home. They are a won-
derful morale builder, there is no question
of that. But while they carry news of your
loved ones and memories of home, you
don't get much about—well—I don't know
how to put it exactly, but it's quite a
treat to look at pictures of places you've
been on picnics, etc. Once in a while
read an article about an old landmark
that you probably passed time after time
in your every day life, but didn't know
or didn't stop to think of the history
and color that might lie behind it. Wait-
ing for something like the EGYPTIAN KEY
to bring out its untold story.

Yes, it's quite a treat to receive your
copy in the mail and know that for the
next few minutes you are going to lose
yourself from a tent and a cot and go
back to Southern Illinois in its pages of
pictures and words of history that mean
so much to a native of Egypt.

Someday I'm coming back to Southern
Illinois and you can put me down as a
firm believer in the magazine that has
"opened the doors of Southern Illinois."

Thanks again and I'll see you in Egypt.

Pvt. W. E. Riseling

St. Tropez, France

Please find enclosed \$1 for which send

me a subscription to your most interesting
and unusual magazine.

Some time ago I was a recipient of a
copy from a friend in Metropolis, who
knew of my fondness for Egypt. The issue
contained views and letters pertaining to
dear, picturesque Golconda, where I spent
so many delightful summers in my child-
hood and young girlhood.

Your magazine should be called

THE MAGICAL KEY

Which opens the door to Memory.

That is what it did for me and I re-
lived the many happy hours I spent visit-
ing a relative, Judge Wm. P. Sloan, up on
beautiful Sloan's Hill which was a verita-
ble beauty spot overlooking the Ohio. The
Golconda people were such wonderful citi-
zens; a spirit of kindness and friendli-
ness existed which, child that I was, I
realized was rarely found. I have often
longed for a return of those

VANISHED DAYS

Return to us, dear Vanished Days.

We miss your old customs, we want your
old ways;

Too long has been the silence, so still.
Our hearts—neath their burdens—weaken
until

We stumble and falter. We keep look-
ing back

Striving to find the old beaten track
O'er which—in pleasure—we used to stray.
Vainly seeking the road to yesterday.

But there's an Egyptian Key which can
be used

When the way seems long, or we grow
confused;

It opens the door, it opens it wide,
Displaying the grandeur of the Great
Outside.

In picture, and word pictures, it will
convey

The happenings of Yesterday and Today.
Wishing you every success with your
Magical Key and looking forward to your
publications.

Mrs. Harry G. McElwee

Paducah, Kentucky

You have done me wrong. Don't I get
homesick enough for Egypt without you
making it worse? Do you have to stab

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me with the EGYPTIAN KEY and twist it in the wound? Kidding, of course.

I have lived in Chicago, for the past nine years, but I still call Equality, Illinois, and Egypt in general "home." While I was down there on my vacation in August, I picked up a copy of your magazine—the first I had seen—in Harrisburg. That was the *coup de grace* in my undoing. Now I not only have letters and papers from home to keep me home-sick, but I must now have the very key that "opens the doors of Southern Illinois." I must have it so that I can look through the back door on a scene of very pleasant memories and through the front door into a hoped-for happy tomorrow of similar scenes.

In other words, I wish to subscribe to your very (supply such adjectives as your conscience and your supply of type allow) magazine. I really like it and I want to be a long-range booster.

I suppose you have printed or will print something about my home town, one of the most colorful in the whole state—with its pioneer salt-mining industry, its Half Moon Lick which transports one into a primitive world of mastodons, and its French Revolution name of *Egalite*. My dad now owns the land where the old caved-in salt wells and the awe-inspiring salt lick may still be seen.

My wife, being a native of Ridgway, Illinois, shares my enthusiasm about the KEY.

Eagerly waiting for my first copy.

Don Moore

Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed please find my check covering a two year subscription to your magazine, the EGYPTIAN KEY. It was quite by accident that I ran across the June issue and will say was very much impressed with your magazine. I was wondering if any of the back issues were available. It has always been a hobby of mine to keep a complete record of anything historical. If back issues can be had please let me know what the cost would be to bring my library up to date.

With continued success to you and your valuable contribution to Southern Illinois.

L. C. Siemer

Sigel, Illinois

We in Tamaroa really do enjoy reading the EGYPTIAN KEY and feel that it certainly fills a gap in Southern Illinois by giving us stories and facts about "Egypt." Enclosed please find a personal check for a year's subscription.

Raymond E. Lee

Tamaroa, Illinois

We have just run across some issues of the EGYPTIAN KEY magazine and think they are fine. We certainly are lovers of the beautiful scenery our good Lord made.

We would like to know if we can get copies of the back issues we have missed. Enclosed find money to cover a year's subscription to the KEY.

Mrs. W. F. Bragg

McLeansboro, Illinois

Enclosed find check to cover a subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY, and if

available two extra copies of Volume 1, Number 4, containing the article about Kornthal Church.

Today it was my pleasure to take some visitors from Indiana to see this beautiful church—a shrine, in all its meaning.

I have risked buying copies, but no longer want to miss one of these beautiful magazines telling of our beautiful country. Volume 2, Number 3, with the article about our beloved Dr. S. Kenosha Sessions is a gem.

My two copies were a prize.

Mrs. S. F. Walton

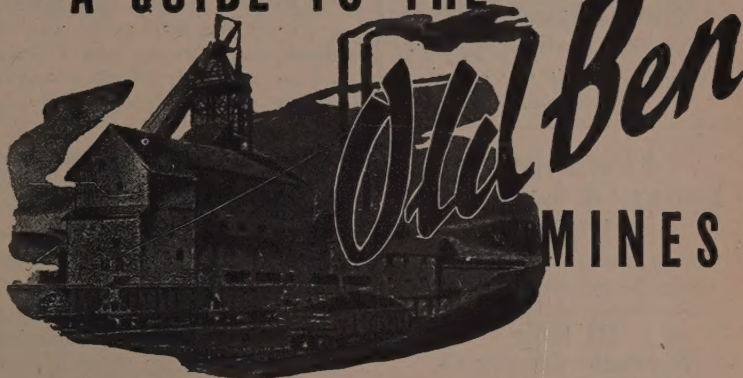
Anna, Illinois

Please enter my subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY magazine. It's like getting a letter from home, to have it to read as I was reared in Cobden, Illinois, and still think Southern Illinois is a wonderful place to live.

Mrs. Lula McDowell

Woodston, Kansas

A GUIDE TO THE



MINE NO. 8

This mine is located at West Frankfort and has a present daily capacity of 4500 tons. It is served by four railroads—the I. C., Mo. Pac., C. & E. I. and C. B. & Q. The first of the Old Ben mines in Southern Illinois, it has been producing its famous coal since 1910.

MINE NO. 9

Located at West Frankfort, this mine was reopened this spring. When completed it will have a capacity of 8500 tons per day from two shafts. At present two railroads haul coal from No. 9—the I. C. and C. B. & Q.

MINE NO. 11

Located at Christopher, Illinois, No. 11 was one of the original "Purity" mines and was the first mine in Southern Illinois to use the electric hoist. The present daily capacity is 4000 tons and it is served by the C. B. & Q. Railroad.

MINE NO. 14

Located at Buckner, Illinois, but the shipping point is Christopher. This is the mine that produced the famous "Christopher Coal," a household name throughout the Mid-West for over thirty years. It now produces 4500 tons daily which is handled by the I. C., Mo. Pac., and C. B. & Q.

MINE NO. 15

Located at West Frankfort, this mine is now producing 4500 tons per day. It is served by three roads—I. C., C. & E. I., C. B. & Q. Together with No. 8, this mine built the name "Old Ben Coals" up to its present great and proud reputation.

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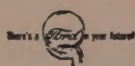
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Egypt's Book Shelf

News and comments about books written by Egyptians or of books pertaining to Illinois and in particular to Egypt.

It would seem that all had been written about Abraham Lincoln that it were possible to write. That is, if one were to follow the pattern of the glorifiers of that Illinois president. When an author produces a book on Lincoln that does not seek to paint the lily, that endeavors to picture the man as he was, that admits that Lincoln was a human and not a god, it affords a welcome addition to the thousands of volumes of Lincolniana.

Such a book has just been issued, written by Professor James G. Randall, of the faculty of the University of Illinois, president of the Illinois State Historical Society, and one of the authorities on Lincoln.

In his book, Professor Randall does not attempt to immortalize Lincoln. Rather he shows Lincoln's mistakes, expresses the thought that the Civil War was unnecessary, shows his weaknesses, and at the same time paints a picture of the great Illinoisan that does not detract from his glory but rather enhances it. Randall makes Lincoln a man, with a man's faults, but without a man of the people, who sincerely was trying to do a good job.

We need more such Lincoln books, and less of the saccharine mush that has been written about the Emancipator. *Lincoln the President, from Springfield to Gettysburg*, in two volumes, is published by Dodd Mead and Company, New York City.

Although it is the story of a pioneer family which emigrates from the east to Wisconsin, *Galewood Crossing* depicts such a picture of life of the pioneer days in the Midwest that we feel it should be mentioned in Egypt's Book Shelf.

Alta Halverson Seymour, a Chicago writer, has produced in *Galewood Crossing* a book that may be enjoyed by the youth of America as well as the adults. It is the story of Tildy, the girl of the family taking up life in a new and

strange land after a journey of many hundreds of miles in a covered wagon. She became a friend of Twanet, a young French girl, and from there on the book becomes a story of the adventures of pioneers fighting the Indians, wrestling with nature, and squeezing a life and an existence out of the new land.

Galewood Crossing is published by the Westminster Press, New York City.

In *America is West*, edited by John T. Flanagan, the reader will find a collection of writings by American authors who are claimed by the twelve states that comprise a section of our country which Flanagan calls West, namely: Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri.

The first thing a reader might find to fuss about is the grouping of these twelve states as "West." That is a subject open to argument. We are willing to let him win it, but want to express our liking for the noun preferred by the adjective "Middle."

The next thought the reader has is the question: Couldn't Flanagan find any better selections, with which to picture the Middle West? There are writings from first-flight authors, from high-grade historians, and right alongside, the chatterings of tenth-rate writers and of would-be historians.

Professor Flanagan, of the faculty of the University of Minnesota, has thrown together these writings of many different schools and qualities, possibly with the idea that thus he depicts the Middle West. Ourselves, we would prefer a higher standard throughout and a wiser choice in some instances of the better authors' works.

Out of some eighty-five writers, Flanagan selected nineteen to represent Illinois. On the basis of per-

centages Illinois fared well, but on the basis of quantity of words and the quality of the total included, it does not shine unduly. Our reaction is that there is too much of the flavor of the—to us—Northwest and not enough of the prairies to the south.

We were intrigued with the heading of the first selection, by the ubiquitous Lincoln, "The Egypt of the West." Like many others since his time, Lincoln liked to include a great deal of territory in Egypt.

John T. Frederick, reviewing *America is West* in the book section of the *Chicago Sun* states that "Eugene Field reports gravely of the Christian County mosquitoes of Southern Illinois." The reviewer would do well to study a map of the state of Illinois. If there is any county that is more nearly in the exact center of Illinois than Christian County we would like to have it named. Why should this reviewer, in a Chicago newspaper, go out of his way to malign Southern Illinois?

The most enjoyment we got from the book was in trying to imagine certain of the writers chosen by Flanagan paired up with certain others included by him. Can you imagine Father Hennepin, Ben Hecht, Peter Cartwright, and Clarence Darrow at the same table? Or that aristocrat of the Republican party, Booth Tarkington, dancing the rumba with the pink-robed Henry A. Wallace? Sinclair Lewis and Mark Twain? Dignified, conservative John Hay with modern John dos Passos?

America is West is published by the University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In the year 1905, a young eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist moved to Marion, Illinois, where he opened his office. Many and varied were his experiences during the years he practiced his profession in that city. Dr. Thomas Hall Shastid, the young physician, left Marion in due time and eventually located permanently in Duluth, Minnesota.

For the last thirty years Dr. T. H. Shastid has ranked as one of the leading eye specialists of America. In his seventy-eighth year he published his *My Second Life*, an 1159-page tome. This is a second autobiographical book which fills in the gaps of his *Tramping to Failure*,

published in 1937. The two volumes together make a complete story of his most eventful life.

Dr. Shastid is a man of many parts. In addition to his great work as an eye surgeon and specialist, he is the author of many books, some of them historical novels, the two autobiographical works mentioned, many books dealing with subjects of his profession, and others on many

different topics. Dr. Shastid has worked out what he considers a perfect plan for the stopping of wars, known as the War-Check Vote and devotes considerable space in his two autobiographical volumes to an exposition of his plan.

Contrary to what one might expect, his two books are just as interesting to the layman as to the professional physician. Of a family

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whose lives were closely entwined with that of the immortal Lincoln, of pioneer stock, reared in Pike County, Illinois, Dr. Shastid writes of the early days in Egypt with an interesting, albeit not always a complimentary, pen.

Among the Egyptians mentioned in his *My Second Life* are the Stotlars, Warders, Campbells, Goodalls, Hendricksons, Swans, Lentzs, Claridas, Scobeys, W. W. Clemens, Judge Rufus Neely, and others.

For a picture of the days around the turn of the century in Egypt, for a frank and sometimes appalling treatise on the medical profession, as well as an indictment of some of our colleges, read both the Shastid books, *Tramping to Failure* and *My Second Life*, published by George Wahr, publisher to the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

W. G.

When Washington Irving returned from his long residence in Europe—more than one-third of his life—he was eager to explore his homeland, particularly the Western country opened to settlement during his absence. As he traveled from Cincinnati to St. Louis by river and overland to the trading posts and Indian missions of Kansas and Oklahoma, the successful writer kept Journals that have now been edited by John Francis McDermott. The day-by-day jottings catch in

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broken sentences the spirit of people, places, and activities in the West of 1832.

Aboard the steamboat *Illinois*, Irving wrote on September 10, 1832: "At 1 o'clock at night get under way [from Caledonia, now-vanished Ohio river town]—enter Mississippi by moonlight—

"(Mem: This evg a splendid sunset on Ohio—full moon rose from behind forest, attended by a virgin star).

"Tuesday Sept. 11. On the Mississippi — broad, turbid stream — sand bars — low, alluvial shores with forests — streaming files of ducks & geese. . . .

"Pass limestone cliffs looking like old castle towers — light foliage below — wild ducks — sand bars — after sunset stop at apple orchard — Mr. Kemmels new store & house—thriving place—children ill with fever — wife 'first rate woman' educated in convent about 18 miles off — where there is also a seminary. She is from Kentucky. . . .

"Beautiful moonrise on Illinois—fire of woodman at front of island — red-yellow moon — silver star — calm, cobalt-green sky reflected in river — here & there at distances a solitary light twinkles down from some big house among the trees."

The "Mr. Kemmel" of the Mississippi landing was Singleton Husband Kimmel, who had completed a decade of office-holding in Jackson County, Illinois, and moved to the Missouri side with his bride. Their son Manning M. Kimmel survived the fever of 1832, was graduated from West Point, and fought for the Confederacy. Their grandson is Admiral Husband E. Kimmel.

That night the Irving party experienced a steamboat collision to complete their river adventures, but they arrived at St. Louis before bedtime. From St. Louis they went west to Independence, south to the Osage River, then made a great circle through territory now the present state of Oklahoma. For students of the West and Southwest, the book offers much fresh and stimulating

knowledge. For those who love Southern Illinois and its rivers, the book offers corroboration by the most Europeanized American of his time. *The Western Journals of Washington Irving*, edited and annotated by John Francis McDermott, is published by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma.

Barbara Burr Hubbs.

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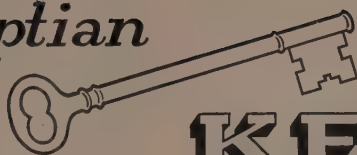
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KEY

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Is It or Isn't It?

By WILL GRIFFITH

AT THE south edge of Carbondale, there stands an institution. It is an institution of higher learning, whatever that is.

For several weeks we have read in the sports pages of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, Associated Press dispatches, date-lined Carbondale, Illinois, telling of the victories of the "Carbondale Teachers College" football team. The current issue of an academic magazine carries a story by a member of the faculty of the said institution. At the end of the story is given the address of the writer. It reads, "State Teachers College, Carbondale, Illinois." In a Marion paper we find "Southern Illinois State College, Carbondale."

The *Illinois Blue Book* says that the name of the institution is "Southern Illinois Normal University."

What is the name of the school?

Is it or isn't it a university?

As one step leads to another, a discussion of the confusion about the name of Egypt's only university leads to a further discussion of the university itself.

The Illinois Post-War Planning Commission recommended the expenditure of more than four and a half million dollars in buildings and equipment at Egypt's only university. The "omnibus bill" ear-marked this amount for the recommended purpose, the bill was passed, and was signed by the governor.

To date, almost six months of weary waiting have gone by, and, as far as an outsider can see, not a shovelful of earth has been turned. Inquiry begets only silence from most quarters. From some we hear a rumor that changes are desired in the plans. It wouldn't make any difference who drew the plans, who approved them, or what they were like, it would be a ten-to-one bet that within six months of the occupancy of the building, the maintenance crews would be moving or changing some partitions, or making some alterations.

The avowed purpose of this grant was to take up the slack occasioned by the shut-down of war industry, es-

pecially the Illinois Ordnance Plant. For the edification of the powers that be, the Illinois Ordnance Plant is shut down and has been for some time.

What Egypt wants is action and not weather reports.

To continue further, a university is supposed to be a seat of learning. Learning should include the ability to write clearly and correctly. Recently there have appeared in print several publications bearing either the imprint of the university and carrying the words, "printed by the authority of the State of Illinois," or else carrying the imprint of some student activity group, which, if we are informed correctly, has a faculty sponsor. Why should not the publications of an institution of higher learning be edited correctly? Why should they not be proof-read properly? Why should the grammar, the foreign words, the facts, be incorrect? So that students of history in the years to come, assured by the imprint of a state university, will accept these "incorrections" as facts?

In one student publication we hastily counted the errors, growing tired when we passed the two hundred mark. These were errors of omission, of fact, of style, and of typesetting which should have been caught by the mere novice, much less by a scholar!

In two monographs published in recent months, there are errors of fact, and errors in foreign words. There are omissions which could have been included by a slight effort on the part of the writers. In fact, the official catalog of the university, 1945-1946 edition, discloses that someone does not know the difference between "Principals," and "Principles"! Surely these are not good advertisements for the university.

For several years we have "picked this crow" with the Illinois State Historical Society over errors of historical and geographical facts appearing in its journal. We can pick the same fault with the journal of the Southern Illinois Historical Society. As a member of both societies we are entitled to speak our mind in the

matter. When we ourselves want to do some research we have trotted out to us by some librarian books, journals, and pamphlets of by-gone days. These we are wont to accept as authoritative if they bear the publication imprint of some educational institution or some historical society.

A commercial publication is edited for the pleasure of the readers. Publications issued by institutions of learning are published for posterity and are looked upon as edited by scholars. Therefore every effort must be made to have them letter perfect.

We, like all citizens of Egypt, want a university at Carbondale which will reflect credit to the area, which

will provide the proper educational advantages for our children and our children's children, which will uplift the citizenry, which will be an advertisement for Egypt, and which will stand for perfection and not for mediocrity.

Dr. Lay, can we not have a growing, virile, leading university of Egypt? Can we not have authoritative publications? Can we not have action on the building program?

Note: When we feel it necessary to speak critically about anyone or anything we always do it over our signature, never anonymously.

A New Young World

By DON MOORE

The young world I remember was full of sunshine:
Sunshine sliding through my bedroom window,
Tugging my eyelids open to happy days;
Generous sunshine spattering the shade trees
And spreading a crazy quilt upon the lawn;
Sprinkling freckles on snub girlish noses,
Baking a healthful crust on boyish bodies.
Sunshine so rich and real
I wore it cocked on my head like a jaunty crown,
Or chip-like on my shoulder, daring life.
Sunshine! Why, I could squeeze it in my fist
Till the very juice of it trickled through my fingers,
Drop by golden drop,
Into the brimming cup of youthful joy.

The young world I remember was full of laughter:
Gurgling coolly like water pumped from a well,
Exploding, bouncing like a panful of popcorn,
Or spiraling like the song of a meadowlark.
Laughter in sideboard loads,
Running over the edges of every day,
And burying the little pangs and pains
Along the road, to go almost unnoticed
When reminiscence might return that way.

The young world I remember was full of music:
At each recess time liberty clanged from the belfry;
Each overshoe that went crunching through the snow
And every bare foot slurping in the mud
Made impromptu sporting songs, not martial music.
The clink of marbles—a grace note;
The bat meeting ball—a drum beat;
The rush of the train—a crescendo;
And singing silence in spacious woods and fields.

The young world I remember was full of beauty:
The big red apple coaxing across the fence
Was beautiful, more even than its blossom;
The sight of the supple catfish breaking water
Was prettier than the shadowy stream itself;
The lure of the magic world beyond the horizon
Was deeper than flower of dawn and fire of sunset.
Angles meant rails coming to a point in distance,
Curves meant the kite string bending, tugging upward,
And color, the rainbow marking the pot of gold.

Greater than beauty at rest, beauty in action—
A lasting joy, even beyond frustrations.

The young world I remember was full of adventure:
Battle with bloodshed—spurting from punched noses;
Pirates' plunder in pantry and in orchard;
High-handed rebellion, hard-handed punishment;
Action, romance, excitement—
Cowboy-and-Indian wars; the county fair;
Wheat threshing time; visits to distant kin;
Bashful meetings uptown on Saturday night;
Fourth of July fireworks; and Christmas glory.
A world of big deeds, bright dreams, little troubles—
Peaceful, playful, plenteous, wonderful world.

And such a world is not just make-believe
My memory has fashioned out of longing.
No! It was truth to me, and it is now.
Truth of the future may it be for all:
That the sunshine will be bright and warm with kindness,
(Building soundness into growing souls);
That the laughter will be free of fear and want,
(The laughter of a child whose home is happy);
That the music will be fuller harmony,
(Singing all around a new young world);
That the beauty will be clean, uncamouflaged,
(Like the ever widening world in youthful eyes);
That the adventure will be making good dreams come
true,
(Dreams such as right-trained children make and follow).

This is not play-like hope or wishful thinking.
This is my blueprint for the new young world,
In which my children, all tomorrow's children,
May live and grow and see their own world change—
For better or worse—
And still remember a good and glorious past,
And still seek greater good and greater glory
For themselves and their own children.

This young world I remember—this light and laughter,
Song and vision and zest—this is the dream
That builds on yesterday a strong tomorrow
And makes today worth living.

Hotel on the Ohio

By EVA OXFORD GERSBACHER

The story of a historic Illinois hotel,
the oldest in operation in the State.

FOR more than a century and a third the warm lights of the Rose Hotel have gleamed a welcome down on the busy Ohio River from the heights of Elizabethtown, Illinois. Hot, dry, summer evenings have seen many a weary traveler struggle up from the boat and ferry landing to seek the cooling shade of the hostelry and its mantle of trees. Flood waters of generations have failed to reach up enough to dampen its walls or the spirit of hospitality within them.

The chronicle of the Rose Hotel is the story of pioneer folk who made in the wilderness a home, and for thirteen decades have shared that home and its atmosphere with a continent of neighbors. Oldest hotel in the State of Illinois still in operation, it has watched out the movement of peoples by flatboat and keelboat, by overland wagon and steamboat, and it continues to live on through and into the age of motorcar and airplane.

In its lifetime as a public inn, the Rose Hotel has been owned by only two families, the McFarlans and the Roses. The hotel was erected in 1812 by James McFarland who settled Elizabethtown just four years before, 1808. (Shortly after, he dropped the "d" from his name, and his family continued the new spelling, down through the present fifteen-year-old James McFarlan V of Cleveland, Ohio.) Elizabethtown was named for McFarlan's wife and the precinct containing the hotel and town was named for him. The settlement became an organized town in 1840. The hotel's name was changed from McFarland to Rose when Mrs. Sarah F. Rose purchased it from the McFarlan family. Mrs. Rose continued to operate it for more than a half century. The present owner is Mrs. Rose's daughter, Charlotte Rose Gullett. The longtime tradition of hospitality has been carried on by Mrs. Gullett who is a vivacious, intelligent, efficient, and very punctual lady with beautiful white hair.

As the story goes, James McFarland and two other men, Hardin and Pierre, secured from the government a grant of land near the present site of Elizabethtown early in the nineteenth century and settled there. The tract of land extended from the mouth of Hosick Creek to Grand Pierre Creek, about six miles in length, bounded on the south by the meanders of the Ohio River and extending one mile north of the river. Grand Pierre Creek was named for the partner, Pierre.

No record can be found of either Hardin or Pierre entering land in Hardin County. There are records, however, of Hardins in Crittenden and Livingston Counties, Kentucky, about the time that James McFarland settled in Elizabethtown. Contrary to the belief of many persons that Hardin County was named

after the man Hardin mentioned in the land grant, it was named for Hardin County, Kentucky. According to *Counties of Illinois, Their Origin and Evolution*, compiled and published by Louis L. Emmerson, Secretary of State in 1920, Hardin is listed among the nine counties of Illinois "adopting the names of counties of other states through the influence of emigrants from the original counties."

Until 1816 all of Hardin was included in the county of Gallatin. Shawneetown was the county seat. After 1816 and until 1839 southwestern Hardin was included in Pope County. At that time Hardin County was created. The northeastern part of the present Hardin County remained in Gallatin County until 1847. On February 20, 1847, its present boundaries were established.

According to the *History of Hardin County, Illinois*, written by the Historical Committee for the 1939 Centennial, "in Shawneetown on May 24th, 1813, two flatboats were warped together and moored at the low unleveed landing; and with the long row of river front cabins as a background, the first Court of Common Pleas of the new county of Gallatin was opened with L. White, J. C. Slocum, and Gabriel Greathouse, Gentlemen, presiding. . . . On the following day, the 25th, the county was laid off in townships (i.e. precincts) with the bounds of the militia companies designated as boundaries of the townships." Captain McFarland was appointed captain of the company of militia of Big Creek.

Next to law and order, transportation became a necessity for the growing community. Elizabethtown showed promise of being the hub of ever increasing activity and movement of people. The inhabitants of Big Creek, a few miles north of the river, came to James McFarland as the logical man to help persuade the government to build a road to the outside world for them. In behalf of the people of Big Creek, McFarland went before the next session of court, held in September of that year of 1813, and "prayed for the establishment of a road to the United States Saline Salt Works." The same month, McFarland was awarded a license to run a ferry "where he resided on land belonging to the United States Government until the sale of these lands." In the January, 1814, term of court a report on the completed McFarland road was made. The route was from the ferry northward through several populated points, finally taking what is described as the old road to Willis Hargrave's salt works.

The various salt works in the southeastern corner of Illinois were the principal sources for a large area, this



Rose Hotel, Elizabethtown.

salt being valuable only as it could be transported to distant points. One of the largest salt works produced as high as 300,000 bushels a year. Thus, even before the advance, a few years later, into the period of valuable crops, iron ore and timber, the Elizabethtown ferry grew in importance. The *Historical Sketch of Hardin County* compiled on the Centennial Anniversary of the United States, July 4, 1876, describes the early ferry of Elizabethtown: "A ferry was early established near where Elizabethtown now stands, which was for many years in constant use and of great prominence as a crossing place for travelers; and the salt works at Equality having begun operations as early as 1812, the salt was hauled in wagons to this ferry and then sent on in wagons to various points in Kentucky and Tennessee."

It was about this time that James McFarland felt firmly enough established, first, to drop the "d" from his name, and second, to build a permanent home. From all of the available land, McFarlan chose the present site of the Rose Hotel on which to build his home. The site was on an impressive limestone bluff about fifty feet above average water level and commanding a view of the river.

For those persons who are interested in Illinois geology and this limestone formation, the Illinois State Geological Survey Bulletin, Number 41, 1920, carries a picture of the bluff and describes it as "the dark cherty layers in the lower part of the Fredonia limestone." (Chert may be described as a flintlike rock, impure and discolored.)

The Survey Bulletin reports: "The chert itself is superficial being formed by the silicification of the limestone layers to the depth of only an inch or two. The Fredonia member of the Ste. Genevieve formation is a massive limestone in which the beds vary considerably in lithologic character. The color ranges from blue-gray to gray, or even to nearly white, on the whole a distinctly lighter color than that of the St. Louis limestone. The chert in the lower part of the Fredonia is best displayed in the Ohio bluffs — especially at Elizabethtown and vicinity. A typical expression of the chert of this part of the formation is shown in the limestone bluff in front of the Rose Hotel."

About a hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the bluff McFarlan built, in 1812, a two-story, two room house, twenty-one feet square, with a limestone cellar of the same dimensions. The first floor of this building

is now the lobby of the Rose Hotel. The foot thick walls were made of gray brick supposedly transported down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Four more eighteen-foot square rooms were added around the 1840's, according to Mrs. Gullett, and a wing to the rear of the lobby which includes the 21x27 foot dining room was built at the close of the Civil War. All of the inside walls are two feet in thickness because in those days it was the custom to build a second wall against the first instead of joining into the first wall. When a door recently was cut through one of these two-foot walls it turned out to be a tremendous task because of the substantial construction. Sills used in the building are trees cut into halves. The two-story hotel has a seventy-foot front with a ten-foot porch across the entire width. A stairway leads from the first floor porch to the second. Facing south, the hotel overlooks the gently sloping land to the edge of the bluff and the expanse of water. No flood as yet has been high enough to reach the inn.

On a high post near Main Street at the northwest corner of the hotel stands Elizabethtown's first bell. This bell served not only as the hotel dinner bell but as a signal bell for the townspeople. It rang for church services, for other town meetings, and for weddings when every couple was given a charivari to send them happily along life's married pathway.

The McFarlans, James and Elizabeth, were the parents of four sons, John, William, James, and B. P., and two daughters, Elizabeth Gilbert and Minerva Howard Kirkham. The senior McFarlan was born March 29, 1776, and died December 1, 1837. Elizabeth, his wife, died August 11, 1863, aged 74 years. Their graves and those of several other members of the family are located in the north yard of the hotel. A tall and stately monument with the names and dates of the family stood in the hotel yard until the death of the last of the children, B. P., "Cap-Mac" or "Uncle Cap" as he commonly was called. He owned a store in Elizabethtown and piloted flatboats carrying Egyptian produce, especially Irish potatoes, down the Ohio River. At the time of his death the monument was moved, with the permission of Mrs. Rose, to the old cemetery on the hill back of the First Methodist Church. The stone is said to mark the grave of B. P. McFarlan, but neither his name nor dates appear there. The graves of the people named on the monument are still in the hotel yard.

On August 20, 1834, James and Elizabeth McFarlan sold and deeded the hotel to James, Jr. Mrs. Gullett has a copy of this deed. The description in the deed reads: "The east part of Fractional section twenty-seven in township twelve south of Range eight east beginning at the mouth of the Spring then running north with the meanders of said Branch till it strikes the northwest corner of fraction twenty-six then running south with said fraction line till it strikes the Ohio River then running West down said River to the mouth of said Spring Branch." The deed was recorded in the Recorder's office of Pope County, Illinois, May 27, 1835, in Deed Record A, page 558. It bears the seal of Pope County and is signed by the Clerk of the Circuit Court and his deputy.

Most of the western part of today's village of Elizabethtown, now called the "old plat," was laid out in

1841 by James McFarlan, Jr. Nine years later he laid out what is now called the "new plat," which includes the eastern part of the village. In 1870 the population of McFarlan precinct was 827, and in the 1876 report the "flourishing town," county seat since establishment of the county, numbered 700 inhabitants.

A sample room or display room was erected in 1881 at the rear of the hotel with just a passageway between the two buildings. Salesmen, or "drummers" as they were more commonly called, displayed their wares to buyers who came from the town and the surrounding country.

In 1882, shortly before his death, James McFarlan, Jr., built the summer house or pavilion on the bluff in front of the hotel where generations of young people—and old—silently have watched the moods of the beautiful Ohio.

The hotel passed from Mrs. James McFarlan, Jr., to her son, James III, who was a lawyer and a saloon keeper in Elizabethtown. E. F. Walls, the present banker in that community, and a great-grandson of the first James McFarlan, tells this story about James III. On his deathbed with tuberculosis and but one day from the end, this James McFarlan sent for the village barber to come shave him. In those days it was customary to charge a sick man twenty-five cents for a shave—but for a corpse the fee was five dollars. When the shave was finished and the barber had wiped off the last edge of lather, the eyes of the dying man twinkled, and he said, "I have just cheated you out of \$4.75."

To date there have been five generations bearing the name of James McFarlan. James McFarlan IV resides in Cleveland, Ohio, where he is employed by the American Steel and Wire Company. His son, the fifth James McFarlan, is a boy of fifteen.

Although the long association of the McFarlan family with the historic hotel officially ended in 1891, the later generations have continued to remember their strong ties to the old homestead. Sarah E. Rose began operating the hotel in 1884, and seven years later bought it from James McFarlan III. She was born November 5, 1851, the daughter of pioneer settlers, Frances and Calvin Baker, who came from Georgia into Hardin County by keel boat in the early forties. When Sarah was eighteen she was married to Wiley Rose, also of a pioneer family. Their firstborn, a son, died in infancy, and one daughter, Frances, died in 1914. Charlotte Rose Gullett, who now owns the hotel, is the only child living.

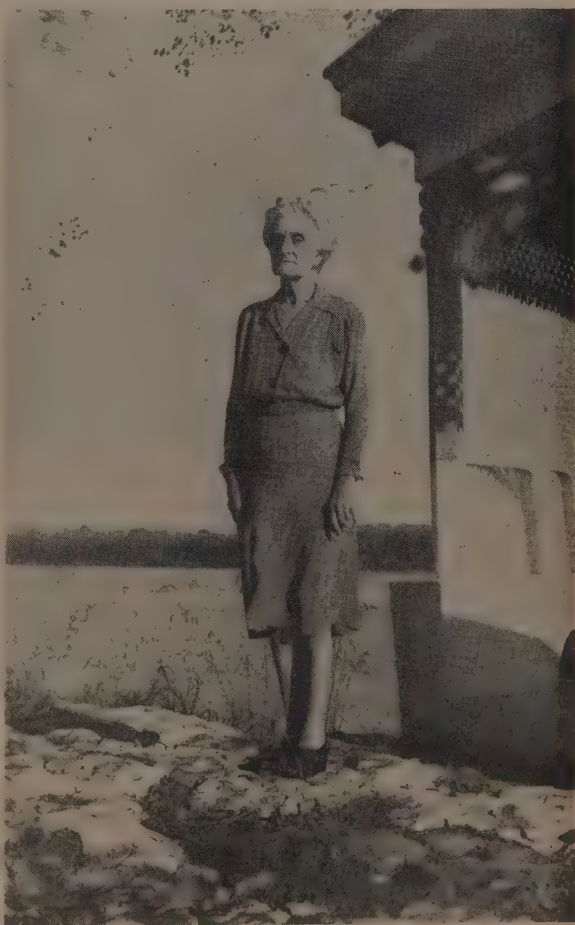
Widowed at the age of thirty-five, Sarah Rose set herself valiantly to the difficult tasks of making a home, rearing her daughters, and engaging in business. To own and operate a hotel was an unusual accomplishment for a woman of her generation. This was not enough for this sturdy woman to carry. Remembering the baby boy she had lost, Mrs. Rose took in a small boy of three and reared him to manhood. That boy, Gordon Miller, now lives in Indianapolis, an employe of Curtiss-Wright Aircraft Corporation, but each summer he spends his vacation at home—the Rose Hotel. Mrs. Rose kept and mothered not only the boy and her own girls, but also a number of orphan girls, one of whom is Mrs. Grace Johnson of Mount Carmel, Illinois.

Mrs. Miles Haman wrote of her at the time of her death:

"A good business woman, Mrs. Rose was also a delightful hostess in the hotel and brought to it a warm, homelike atmosphere. Since travel in the early days was solely by river, she watched the arrival and departure of steamboats at the wharf and graciously welcomed guests on their arrival. She came to love the river and pageant of the boats in 'the golden age of steamboating.' Even in her later days, she always evinced a keen interest in the passing craft.

"Needless to say, in addition to a marked business ability, Mrs. Rose was gifted with various womanly accomplishments in the art of homemaking. She led a busy, useful life. She proved herself generous and charitable in fine degree, and through the long years, a friend in need, so that the deeds of kindness will be revered in the memory of many to whom she lent a helping hand. Her charities were manifold.

"Her advanced years were a calm benediction to a well-spent life. In her character were manifest the



Charlotte Rose Gullett.

Egyptian Key photo.

traits of worthy womanhood whose 'price is far above rubies.' Strength and dignity and kindness were her attributes and form the laurel wreath of the good life."

The story of the employes of the Rose Hotel indicates the reverence and affection people held for Sarah Rose.

Mrs. Rose was kind and generous to her employes. In return they gave her both excellent and faithful service. For instance, Helen Donald, Negro, was the hotel cook for forty-six years. Helen was the mother of fourteen children. At the end of each day, Helen carried the remaining food home to feed her family. Five of the Donald children have worked at the hotel.



Sarah F. Rose.

When Helen became ill, her daughter, Burrell, took her mother's place. Later, when Mrs. Rose's health began to decline, Burrell became her nurse and slept in her room for five years. Frank, named for Mrs. Rose's daughter, Frances, has worked all her life at the hotel. For years a waitress in the dining room, she now is the cook and helps in numerous other ways. When very young, Frank was married to Clarence Woods who also has worked at the hotel for many years.

It was Burrell, Frank, and Clarence who kept the wake at the time of Mrs. Rose's death. When the question arose, they insisted upon performing this last act of loyalty. Of Mrs. Rose's granddaughter they asked, "Why shouldn't we be the ones to sit up with her? We have always cared for her when she was living. We want to care for her now." Mrs. Rose's funeral was held in the hotel parlor, and a special car was provided for these faithful employes to attend the burial.

Frank and Clarence live at the rear of the hotel in the former sample room, nicely furnished and attractively decorated. Proud of her long family association with the famous hotel, Frank has a pleasing personality and is very efficient in all that she does.

Things did not always run smoothly for Mrs. Rose,

but her pioneer training gave her the strength and hardihood to stand for the principles she believed right. After the 1913 flood she attempted to repair the damages done to the summer house on the bluff. The village authorities interfered. They claimed the rights to the edge of the bluff because of its public use as a street. Mrs. Rose filed a bill in the Circuit Court of Hardin County to restrain the village of Elizabethtown, its officers and agents, from interfering with her private property. Mrs. Rose won the decision in the Circuit Court and then the case was appealed to the Supreme Court of Illinois. Again the decision was in her favor. This case is well known in legal circles and has been referred to on numerous occasions in the settling of property disputes.

After Mrs. Rose bought the hotel she planted fifteen or twenty trees in the south front lawn which make it cool and shady in summer. In the north yard are two large pecan trees that have stood for more than a century. She built a wall of native rock bordering the west side of the lawn near the main street of the town where hundreds of people have sat and enjoyed the views.

Since Mrs. Rose's death in 1939, at the age of eighty-seven, her daughter has continued to operate the hotel in a similar manner and with the same help. Each year her mother canned great quantities of fruits and vegetables for the hotel. Mrs. Gullett does the same. So accustomed is Mrs. Gullett to the big hotel stoves and to large capacity cooking that when she attempts to cook in her daughter's kitchen she says she feels as if she were a little girl again, playing house.

Charlotte Rose grew up in the hotel, attended the village schools and later Southern Illinois Normal University. She taught school for thirteen years before and after her marriage to Ulysses G. Gullett in 1898, who has owned and operated a garage in Elizabethtown for years. Mrs. Gullett is the mother of two children, a daughter, Virginia Rose, and a son, James Gordon, who were both born and reared in the hotel. Mrs. Gullett also has been a wonderful mother, and she, too, has led a busy, useful life.

Virginia Rose Gullett attended Southern Illinois Normal University and taught for three years in the Elizabethtown schools before her marriage, in 1927, to Robert L. Price, of Carbondale, Illinois. The Rose Hotel served as a colorful backdrop to her wedding on the hotel lawn with 150 guests present. At eleven o'clock a wedding breakfast was served at the hotel to all the guests. Virginia is the mother of two children, Rose, aged seventeen, and Robert Grant, nine. In comparison to the five generations of McFarlan men, Rose Price is the fourth generation of Rose women. Virginia and her family visit frequently at the hotel and have not missed spending a Christmas there since her marriage.

James Gordon Gullett received a degree in law at George Washington University, Washington, D. C., and was elected Judge of Hardin County for two consecutive terms. He was a member of the State Parole Board prior to his enlistment in the United States Naval Reserve where he still serves as a lieutenant. He married Mildred McGinnis of Carbondale, and they have a son, James Michael, two years of age.

A very recent visitor at the Rose Hotel was Lieutenant Colonel Martha Jane Clement, called "Ma" dur-

ing the two years she was in charge of nurses in the South Pacific. A cousin of Mrs. Gullett, she is a native of Egypt, but now is located at Chicago as chief nurse of the Sixth Service Command, covering Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois. As Martha Jane Rose, Lieutenant Colonel Clement received her nurses' training at Anna State Hospital and entered the army in 1918. Recently she was decorated with the Legion of Merit for her services in the Southwest Pacific Theater from 1942 through 1944. In the Hardin County Independent (August 16, 1945) Lieutenant Colonel Clement said:

"I have had one dream all my life, to spend a night at the Rose Hotel, and I spent last night here. When I was a child, my dad would bring me to Elizabethtown once or twice a year — there were no roads then — and take me out there (where the summer house stands) and I could see the river. We never stayed all night, but now I have."

Through the years the picture of life at the hotel has changed considerably. The river served the hotel and the community well in the long ago days. Gentle-

men in frock coats and ladies in crinoline, wearing high topped shoes and carrying tiny silk parasols, no longer alight from the gleaming white packet boats to spend a night at the Rose Hotel. It is more common now to see both men and women dressed in slack suits and sandals step from their shiny cars that have sped them for miles along paved highways. This is the kind of tourist the hotel has accommodated for the past decade, the type that will come in the airplanes of tomorrow.

Mrs. Gullett now serves from fifty to one hundred meals a day. Before the war the number was greater. During the years of operation, hotel guests have registered from California to New York, from New Orleans to Canada, and from many foreign countries. Visitors and tourists, especially on Sundays, have been countless. Couples and groups of all ages for generations have visited the summer house at night and have spent many blissful evenings singing there. Through the ages, countless numbers of persons have held and will continue to hold memories of pleasant evenings spent there on the beautiful Ohio under an Egyptian moon.



View of the Ohio River from the summer house of the Rose Hotel.

Egyptian Key photo.

Flowers to the Living

By VACHEL DAVIS

There are many things the passing years
Increase in value more and more—
These priceless treasures cherished most,
We lock with key and guard the door.
Oft neglected, all around us
Are the gems so rich and rare—
Sparkling diamonds half-forgotten,
Old true friends of yesteryear!

Some friendly lines or glad hello
Sure mean a lot to us down here,
They sort o' smooth the stony road
And fill our hearts with joy and cheer.
So living gifts to living give,
Perfume of flowers along the way;
Kind words that shall remain unsaid
May be regrets for us some day.

Idols of Egypt

X. — Robert Ridgway

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH

Lover of birds and trees, writer, standardizer of colors, an Egyptian became known throughout the world for his accomplishments.

A YOUNG Egyptian assisted in the development of the first airplane capable of flight.

The builder of the plane, Professor Samuel P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in 1887, frequently called on Robert Ridgway, then curator of birds at the Smithsonian, to help solve problems of design and construction. Because Ridgway at an early age was known for exactness in his work, his data on the shape and construction of wings of soaring birds and his detailed sketches and computations on the shape and area of each bird in relation to its weight, were of inestimable value to the airplane inventor. The California condor, the turkey vulture, the wandering albatross, and the frigate bird were the principal ones that were the subject of this particular study.

It was another phase of his work that brought Ridgway world-wide recognition. That work, although of a commercial nature, was the outgrowth of his work with birds. His painstaking compilation of an authoritative book on colors has been used as a guide by florists, manufacturers of ribbons, dress goods, wall paper, paints, and all others using colors for the past thirty years.

This Egyptian was born at Mount Carmel, Illinois, July 2, 1850, the son of a druggist. His parents came of English stock. His father, David Ridgway, was born at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, March 11, 1819, the grandson of a member of William Penn's colony of Quakers. Mansfield, Ohio, was the family home until about 1840 when the Ridgways moved to a farm, near Mount Carmel, Illinois. Robert's mother, Henrietta James Reed, was born in 1833 at Mansfield, Ohio, and came as a child of five to Calhoun Prairie, Wabash County, Illinois.

Robert Ridgway at his desk in Washington, D. C.

Courtesy Harvey D. Hays, Olney.



Had Robert's father not experienced a series of business reverses, Mount Carmel still might claim the great scientist. A fire that wrecked David Ridgway's pharmacy, and a tornado that demolished the building, plus his too kindly and generous credit extension, caused him, in 1877, to decide to try farming. He moved his wife and nine children to the vicinity of Wheatland, Indiana. Robert, the eldest, did not go to Indiana with the family. He had left to seek his fame ten years before, in 1867.

Robert always was an outdoor boy. He loved to roam the fields and to hunt birds. He practiced truancy often when the spark of interest in nature prompted him to disregard pedagogic authority and discipline. Inasmuch as he had no way of identifying any unusual specimens he might obtain, and since he knew nothing of taxidermy, it was necessary that he make colored sketches of them so that at the first opportunity he could get them identified.

The first gun owned by Robert was a rifle salvaged from the cargo of a sunken steamboat in the Wabash River at Mount Carmel. The rifle was badly rusted and the wood part decayed. His father bought it for less than a dollar, had the local gunsmith clean off the rust, shorten the barrel and bore it out smooth. Senior Ridgway shaped and finished a new stock from wild cherry wood. He had the breech piece and trigger-guard cast in brass at a local foundry and presented his son with the remade instrument, a shotgun.

It is strange how some seemingly unimportant event shapes our lives, although at the time we fail to realize its influence. The possession of his own gun took Robert out into the woods more than ever. As a result he became a good shot, obtained more specimens, and sought more knowledge of the one thing in which he was interested—birds. There were plenty of birds in the Wabash valley, there was plenty of powder for his shotgun since he mixed it himself in his father's pharmacy, and there was plenty of desire for knowledge on the part of the young boy. The result is as one would expect.

There came the day when some of Robert's boy friends had an argument over the proper identification of a particular bird which Robert had painted. The mother of one of the boys, Lucien Turner, himself to become a great naturalist in later years, gave Robert an envelope addressed to the Commissioner of Patents, at Washington, D. C., and suggested that Robert send the sketch to him for identification.

The Patent Office was not the proper place to obtain the desired information but a kindly official sent the communication to Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird,

assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. His reply informed Robert Ridgway that the bird in question was a purple finch. Thus began Ridgway's contact with the institution which he served from the time he was seventeen years old, until his retirement from active duty, in 1916.

Baird became interested in the young student and continued a correspondence with him, instructing Robert how to keep scientific records, to preserve skins and eggs, and to make minute drawings of birds and mammals. There was so much ability shown that in the spring of 1867, Baird recommended the appointment of Ridgway as zoologist to Clarence King, then about to undertake the Geological Survey of the Fortieth Parallel.

Ridgway left home therefore at the age of seventeen to go to Washington. He spent two weeks there receiving instructions before he joined the party at New York and embarked on work that was to occupy his next two years. The party went by steamer to Panama, crossed the Isthmus, and proceeded by boat (a side wheeler as were all ocean boats in those days) to San Francisco, arriving in June. The group worked from Sacramento east to Salt Lake City and the Uinta Mountains until the fall of 1868 when the party returned to Washington. Ridgway went back to the Wasatch and Uinta Mountains to complete the work in the summer of 1869.

What must have been the thoughts of the young Ridgway as he lay awake at night on the western mountain slopes? Did he think of the days of his earlier years when he was filled with a great longing to know more of the feathered life of his land? Did he remember the leather-bound volume, *The Animal Kingdom Illustrated*, which he saw in a store in Olney, when he and his mother were there on a visit, and which she purchased? Written by Samuel G. Goodrich and published in 1859, 354 of its 680 pages almost became a Bible to him as he pored over the pages devoted to birds. Did he think of Audubon, Wilson, Bonaparte, and Nuttall, none of them living, but all great names of ornithology, which had so inspired him as a teen age boy? He must have thought of these while on this first magical experience, for in the last years of his life he could recall these boyhood thrills and ambitions so vividly that the listener could almost feel that he were living them himself.

At the time of the western expedition, Professor Baird and Doctor Thomas M. Brewer of Boston were preparing their joint work on the birds of North America. When Ridgway returned from his western field experience, they engaged him to make the technical descriptions and some of the drawings because he had a marvelous aptitude for minute detail.

The secretary and the younger members of the staff of the Smithsonian, in the early days, lived in the building which housed the institution. Robert's living quarters were on the top floor of the south tower. In his early Washington days he was very much of a dandy, being very careful of his grooming. He developed a shy sense of humor and was popular with his fellow workers.

His association with the other young naturalists who were there in training, and with older men of repute who



Top to bottom—Larchmound in summer; white squirrel; Larchmound in winter. (All photos courtesy Harvey D. Hays, Olney); white squirrel (Egyptian Key photo).

worked on different collections, gave him a highly specialized education. No doubt the Smithsonian Institution already was a science academy in those days.

It was in 1874 that Ridgway became the official ornithologist on the staff of the Smithsonian Institution. This was a step-up from the fifty dollars a month he had had. In a short time he was recognized internationally as an authority on his subject. He received successive promotions, until he was given the title of "Curator of Birds," which he held until his death. Of course there were increases in the amount of remuneration from time to time. The outgrowth of Ridgway's concentration on American birds was eight volumes, the *Birds of North and Middle America*, published as Bulletin 50 of the U. S. National Museum, during the period between 1901 and 1919.

In 1913, Robert Ridgway received the Walker Grand Prize of the Boston Society of Natural History, amounting to one thousand dollars, given him particularly for his work on these books. Two more volumes were in preparation at the time of his death. This ten-volume work of his is the basis, today, of all such studies.

While working with Baird and Brewer on the *History of North American Birds*, Ridgway met and married, October 12, 1875, Julia Evelyn Perkins. She was the daughter of one of the engravers who made the plates for the book. It is not strange that their son, born May 15, 1877, should be named Audubon Whelock Ridgway; nor that he should follow in his father's line of work. Soon after Audubon Ridgway became assistant to Charles B. Cory, Curator of Zoology in the Field Museum of Chicago, he contracted pneumonia and died February 22, 1901. The shock to his mother was so great that it broke her health.

From the time that Robert Ridgway mixed his own paints in his father's prescription laboratory, through the years of his work for Baird and Brewer, the colors obtainable and the color names had been unsatisfying to him. Finally he concluded that for bird portraiture to be correct, and in fact for all colored works, a uniform series of color names and a standardization of color values was imperative. As a result, in 1886, Ridgway's

Left to right—Prof. French, Dr. Ridgway, Miss Hilda Stein, Miss Frances Etheridge, Hal Trovillion at Bird Haven.

Photo courtesy Dr. W. M. Gersbacher.



Photo by Fish and Wildlife Service, U. S. Dept. of Interior.
Ridgway cottage at Bird Haven.

way's first work on colors, *Nomenclature of Colors for Naturalists and Compendium of Useful Knowledge for Ornithologists* (those were the days of long titles), was published by Little, Brown and Company. It contained ten plates showing 186 named colors. The book immediately became a standard among naturalists, because by its aid they were able definitely to establish the variations of colors they used in their descriptions.

Finding that the plates faded and shades changed, Ridgway was not satisfied with his first volume, so he continued his color studies for many years. Finally, in 1912, he produced a new and enlarged edition. This was the result of scientific development and experiments with the color wheel and Maxwell disks. He mixed positive spectrum colors in definite percentages to obtain a series of named colors, so that the process could be repeated and the shades duplicated at any time.

The new edition was entitled *Color Standards and Color Nomenclature*, and contains 53 plates, showing, in small rectangles, 1115 named colors. With each plate are tables giving the precise proportions of each mixture for each color. Sufficient of each color, for the entire edition of 5000 copies, was produced at one time. This insured absolute uniformity. Ridgway's work still is in great demand because it has proven of inestimable value to florists and to manufacturers of wall paper, paints, and to numerous industries.

Odd though it seems, Ridgway was not fond of travel. but, nevertheless, for the sake of collecting specimens for the Institution, he made three extended trips to Florida, and accompanied the Harriman expedition to Alaska in 1899. Ever since crossing the Isthmus of Panama, Ridgway had wanted to learn more about tropical birds. In 1904, and again in 1908, he made trips to Costa Rica for specimens lacking in his systematic study of birds.

The man's written contributions to the scientific world are sound in the judgment of values and are carefully detailed. His first paper written in 1869, is on the nesting of the belted kingfisher. Numerous others followed besides his book-work in collaboration with Baird and Brewer. In 1887, his *Manual of North American Birds* was published, a key to the identification of all known species.

Ridgway was one of the twenty-three founders of the American Ornithologists Union in 1883. In 1894, he was relieved of active duty at the Smithsonian in order

to make his official task the assembling of notes, accumulated through the years, into a systematic catalog of birdlife in the great area from Panama to Canada. A great deal of his labor was done in his home because of interruptions at the office. He went to the Museum only for examination of specimens. At last the Ridgways decided to leave Washington both because of Mrs. Ridgway's health and so that Robert might have more leisure in which to write.

Never having forgotten the area where he spent his childhood, and wishing to put an end to forty-five years of homesickness, Robert Ridgway brought his wife to Illinois, in 1916, and bought a home at Olney, Illinois. In the early years of his employment he had bought a home for his parents on Highway 130 at the edge of Olney. It was there his mother died, December 14, 1886, and his father on January 4, 1888.

Ridgway's idea was to develop a bird sanctuary near Olney. For this purpose he acquired by purchase eight acres and was donated ten acres of the original eighteen by Ernst Z. Bower, Olney druggist and life-long friend. Ridgway named the bird sanctuary and arboretum Bird Haven. It is two and one-half miles north of Olney on a gravel extension of East Avenue. It proved inadvisable, because of Mrs. Ridgway's health, to live outside the city, so he purchased the home he called "Larchmound," originally the old Rowland property, on South Morgan Street, covering eight acres. The home is now owned by Harvey D. Hays. Here the couple lived until Mrs. Ridgway died, May 24, 1927, when Mrs. Lida R. Palmatier came to keep the home for her brother. Throughout the fifty-two years of their married life, Mrs. Ridgway was more interested in her husband's work than in anything else. She left sealed instructions to be cremated after her death and her ashes "scattered to mingle with God's great out-of-doors, which I love so much." Since she did not specify where, Ridgway scattered the ashes at Bird Haven, near the site of the little cottage where they spent their happiest and most care-free days.

Though it can be said that Robert Ridgway virtually retired from active duty when he moved to Olney, he actually continued his work on his *Birds of North and Middle America* until the eight volumes were published in 1919. Dr. Alexander Wetmore says, in his memorial paper about Robert Ridgway: "In the following years he frequently expressed a wish to retire, influenced in part by failing eyesight, and at one time made definite application for retirement, but at my own urgent request was prevailed upon to continue. While there was realization that in all probability he would not see his task completed it was highly desirable for the advance of science to obtain from him as much as possible of the results of his long years of study and observation. To this end he continued work on the last two volumes of the series, working particularly on the diagnoses of genera, families, and other higher groups.

"As a worker of the older school Ridgway's writing was all in long hand, prepared carefully, with any corrections and interlineations required made with meticulous care. His manuscripts were completed in so legible and accurate a condition that they were given to the printer without necessity of being typewritten, being set in type directly from the long hand copy. To assist in his work thousands of specimens were measured for him

by Mr. J. H. Riley and others, and Mr. Riley assisted also in compiling references for the synonymies given under each species."

In 1920, Ridgway was awarded the Daniel Giraud Elliott Medal of the National Academy of Sciences, and in 1921, received the William Brewster Medal. He became a member of the National Academy of Sciences in 1926.

Needing relaxation from his writing, Ridgway turned to horticulture. He landscaped and developed Larchmound. He made regular trips to Bird Haven. From the government and many sources he secured unusual new wild plants and trees, until the property could show a greater variety of wild plant life than any similar spot in the world except one in Japan. At the height of his care, the preserve contained seventy-five species of the pine tree, every specie of elm native to America, twenty-five oak, seven of the eight species of magnolia, in addition to a hundred kinds of roses, sixteen varieties of grapes, and hundreds of rare oriental and semi-tropical plants.

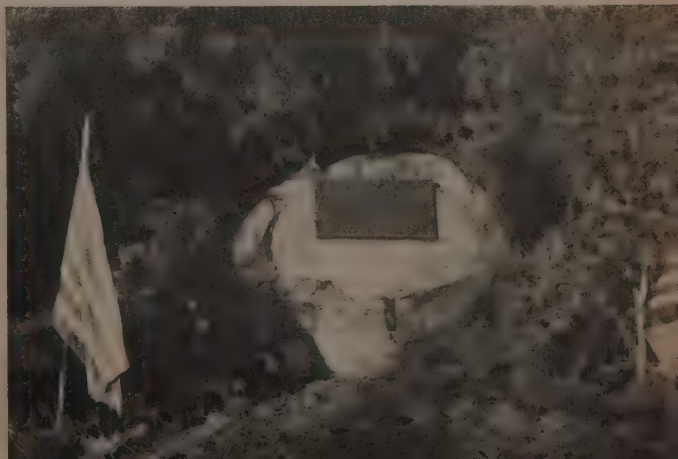
It was Ridgway's desire that Bird Haven be a permanent sanctuary for birds. To this end, a committee representing the Wilson Ornithological Club, the Cooper Ornithological Club and the American Ornithologists Union started to raise an endowment fund which would permit Ridgway to retire and which would provide perpetual care for Bird Haven. The plan was changed before the goal was reached. The Women's Clubs of Illinois then took over and with the assistance of Mrs. Frances K. Hutchinson of Lake Geneva, completed the arrangements, establishing an endowment of \$50,000 and purchasing an additional ninety-six acres adjoining the original eighteen, to enlarge Bird Haven and insure its upkeep.

Upon Ridgway's death the bird sanctuary was given to the University of Chicago, which, through its business office and the Departments of Botany and Zoology, directs its upkeep. The caretakers are Mr. and Mrs. William D. Petzel, who live in the cottage built for Doctor and Mrs. Ridgway and in which they lived until they bought Larchmound.

A high wire fence tightly encloses Bird Haven. The preserve does not have an artificial appearance, but is like a natural woods with a profusion of low growing vegetation, and mowed winding paths. It is open to the public only by permission of the caretaker who accom-

Grave of Robert Ridgway, Bird Haven.

Egyptian Key photo.



panies visitors who come to study and to admire. The birds of the area find refuge among the many varieties of trees and plants and are fed by the caretaker during winter.

Fellow workers in ornithology have perpetuated Robert Ridgway's work by naming in his honor two genera, twenty-three species, and ten sub-species of birds. In the complete bibliography of Ridgway's writings we find many papers and pamphlets on subjects pertaining specifically to Southern Illinois, and others concerning Illinois in general. He wrote a great many articles for such magazines as *Forest and Stream* and *American Sportsman*, many of them contributions to the "Sparrow War," as well as for the publications of the National Museum.

In the more than five hundred of Robert Ridgway's writings one finds many that pertain to Egypt, Illinois. Among them are: *New Birds in Southern Illinois*, *Notes on the Vegetation of the Lower Wabash Valley*, *The Prairie Birds of Southern Illinois*, *Bird Life in Southern Illinois—Bird Haven*, *Bird Life in Southern Illinois—Larchmound*, and others.

This man of Southern Illinois, without a college education was honored by the scientists as the foremost in his line. He knew and could recognize more than 4,500 varieties of birds.

A little below the average in height, Robert Ridgway was a pleasant man with his chief physical characteristic a huge walrus moustache. Kindly of disposition, this lover of birds, animals, flowers, and trees was equally loved by those who knew him.

In his seventy-ninth year, on March 25, 1929, Robert Ridgway died. At his request he was buried on a hill-top in Bird Haven. The sanctuary always will remain as a memorial to the man whose greatest interest was living birds.

Funeral services were held for Robert Ridgway at Larchmound. As a quartet was singing to close the services, the human voices almost were drowned out. A mocking bird on the nearby fence trilled a requiem to Robert Ridgway with such singing by this feathered friend as those in attendance at the services never before had heard. Both birds and humans loved Robert Ridgway.



College Sports in Egypt

Top left—Sam Milosevich (15), Zeigler; Dick Harmon (23), Granite City; Don Sheffer (17), Zeigler (kneebrace); S.I.N.U. stars in game with Onized Club, won 51-41. Top right—Don Sheffer (17), Zeigler, making basket; Hale (8) Wright Field, former U.C.L.A. star; Sam Milosevich (15), Zeigler, chosen at last season's tourney at Kansas City as "all national team center"; Chester Glover, Mt. Vernon; in action in game with Wright Field All Stars. S.I.N.U. lost 71-56.

Right—I.I.A.C. Cross Country Champions, 1945.

Top, left to right—Sheffer, Coach Lingle, Barfoot. Bottom, left to right—Whittenborn, Avis (I.I.A.C. individual champion), Smith.



Outdoor Beauty in Egypt

Top left—High Knob, Hardin County. (Photo U. S. Forest Service, Shawnee National Forest.) Top right and center left—Snow scenes, Anna State Hospital Grounds. (Photos by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna.) Bottom left—Peaks of the Pine Hills. (Photo by Horrell Studio, Anna.) Bottom right—Road in Giant City State Park. (Photo by Dr. H. J. Raley, Harrisburg.)





Hunters All



Top left—Bill and Charley Hudgens, Carbondale. Top right—
“Sport” owned by Joe Ferrero, Herrin. Bottom left—Red fox.
(Photo by Fish and Wildlife Service, U. S. Dept. of Interior.)

Bottom right—Standing, left to right—Cadet William R. Mitchell,
John A. Mitchell, both of Benton, Ensign Ervin W. Emerson,
Christopher. Seated, left to right—Joe E. Mitchell, Benton; Asa
Sharp, Royalton. (Photo by Cox Studio, Carbondale.)



Turkey Bluff

By ALICE HARRIS WHEELER

Turkey Bluff is located near Creal Springs, Illinois, in Williamson County. Egypt has many varieties to exhibit.

THE blacksmith shop was filled with the usual Saturday crowd of young bucks from the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. Strong, gangling youths stood watching the sparks fly from the forge as Uncle Jake, the little blacksmith, went quietly about his work.

"Wal, Uncle Jake," drawled one of the boys, glancing towards a coop in one corner of the shop, "how much has yore turkey gained this week?"

Uncle Jake spat and replied, "I'll swear if that ain't the gainin'est bird I ever seen. Anticipation has gained four pounds this week, and I ain't fed her nothin' to speak of."

"Boys, did you hear that? He's named her Anticipation!" And the crowd burst into loud, uncontrolled guffaws.

Uncle Jake's twinkling blue eyes clouded for an instant as he paused at his work.

"When air you aimin' to eat that thar bird, Uncle Jake?" continued Bud, the lankiest, chewin'est member of the younger mountain set.

"To-morry. The preacher's comin' to take meat with us, and sich meat for him who thinks, as he sez, of only heavenly food, manna ain't a'going to compare in taste to that thar turkey."

"Why, Uncle Jake," teased Bud, "You'll burn in eternal torment fer blasphemy."

"Now, boys, git out. I got to finish this hyar work so as I kin go help Marthy git ready for to-morry. Yo'all kin find yore hosses and wagons outside the shop when yo're ready to go home. I cain't wait for yo'll tonight."

Uncle Jake burst into song, and snatches of *Jacob's Ladder* and *On Jordan's Stormy Banks* reverberated in the empty shop as he went about mending wagons and shoeing horses. Once he stopped his work to feed the bird.

"Anticipation, them thar boys air up to some mischief." For a minute his eyes sparkled with youthful fun. He could see again his own days of fun-making. He sighed and picked up a broken wagon wheel.

Jake could hear Marthy singing in their cabin close to the shop. Marthy was a fine woman; he loved Marthy. She kept the cabin neat and clean; she cooked his meals; she made him comfortable. But sometimes he was restless for the feel of the gun, for the crunching sound of dead leaves, the pungent smell of autumn, and freedom to roam the woods again. He went to the broken mirror that hung over the wash bowl. Slowly, he

smoothed his hair. Yes, there was no doubt of it, he was growing gray. But he failed to see the merry blue eyes and smiling mouth.

The early shadows of a November twilight began to dim the corners of the shop. Suddenly, Uncle Jake stopped dead still, threw back his head and laughed and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. He could hear Marthy singing, but quietly he put his shop in order, removed his leather apron, and stepped out into the purple twilight.

Slowly, he filled his lungs with the clean, fresh air, tangy with promise. He locked the shop door, went to the hitching rack to see that the boys' horses were securely tied, and then walked into the cool twilight, not towards the lighted cabin and Marthy, but into the gloriously colored woods near the side of the shop. Jake could scarcely see the flaming sumac and sassafras bushes; but he could touch them, could feel their vibrant red aliveness. He sat down on a rock nearby to wait. The heady wine of autumn was singing through his veins; he ached to live once again, to sit near a flickering campfire, to listen to the weird music of the baying foxhounds.

It grew darker. Jake almost could touch the blackness around him, but he sat very still. With the woodsman's instinct, he could hear the sound of footsteps long before the glowing lanterns sent their flickering light into the black darkness.

One of the boys laughed. "Say, Bud, he's gone already, and hyar's our hosses."

"Shet up, you fool," growled Bud, "or they'll hear us in the cabin. Go on, I'll hold the lantern."

The boys gathered around the door of the blacksmith shop. Jake sat in the darkness and watched them worry with the lock. Finally they opened the shop door, and one of the boys went inside. Bud's lantern flickered in the darkness, and occasionally one of the boys snickered. Jake stood up and walked noiselessly to the edge of the woods.

The boys had gathered in a group and were evidently in conference. Jake crept close enough to hear Bud say in a loud whisper, "We'll come back fer the hosses, later. Hit's not fur. Come on you lazy-good-fer-nothin's, let's foot hit."

At a distance Jake followed the flickering light of the lantern. There was an occasional crackling of dry leaves. Jake knew every inch of this woods, every blossoming dogwood and wild plum. The wood was grow-

ing less dense. Just as he thought! They must be nearing Grandma Taylor's cabin. At the edge of the clearing, the boys stopped.

"Now, you boys stay right hyar. I'll go talk to Grandma," commanded Bud.

"Talk?" laughed one of the boys. "Shout, you mean. That thar old lady's as deaf as a post."

Bud, with a sack thrown over his shoulder, walked with swinging stride across the clearing towards the lighted cabin.

He is a strong brute, thought Uncle Jake enviously. It would take some seemingly meek mountain maiden to tame him. Like some bold knight of his far-distant English ancestry, he strode to the door and knocked. The door opened and Grandma stood there a little stooped, peering curiously into the night.

"Hello, Grandma," shouted Bud. "How air ye?"

Grandma cupped her hand behind one ear, "What's that? I don't hear as good as I used to. Speak a mite louder."

"Kin I come in, Grandma? Hit's Bud," he shouted through cupped hands.

"Bud?" She cackled gleefully. "Shore, come right in and I'll gi' ye some of my corn pone. 'Tain't much, but ye used to come miles fer it. Yes sir, they all used to come miles for a sample of my vittuls. But I hain't as young as I used to be, and I cain't hear as good. My, how ye have growed," she rambled on as Bud stepped into the cabin and closed the door. There was silence in the clearing. Uncle Jake waited patiently and watched the group of boys moving about restlessly.

Once again the door opened and let out a flood of yellow light into the night. Bud stood in the doorway, shouting to the little old woman, "We'll be back in three or four hours, Grandma. Air ye shore that's time enough?"

"I used to be the fastest worker in the country, but I hain't as young as I used to be, and I don't hear as good —"

"I know, Grandma," interrupted Bud, as he edged away. "Don't fergit; we'll be back."

As Bud rejoined the group, the woods rang with raucous laughter, which grew fainter and fainter as the carefree boys retraced their steps.

Uncle Jake sat down at the edge of the clearing. The night and silence enfolded him. How often he had longed to be alone with himself again, away from voices, from work, yes, even away from Marthy. He joked and laughed and played pranks with the boys, but sometimes the coarseness palled upon him. Wouldn't they laugh and make fun if they knew he could find fairies in the woods, and that the sumac spoke to him. He sometimes laughed at himself. It was hard for him to understand hell-fire and brimstone. He almost felt an urge to stand before the preacher and tell him of a religion of beauty. But they wouldn't understand him. Marthy would be horrified.

The hours passed. Finally Jake rose and shook his head as if to clear it of all fancies. His eyes twinkled again as he moved across the clearing. With both hands he pounded on Grandma Taylor's cabin door.

"Is that ye, Bud?" screamed Grandma, as she opened the door.

"No, Grandma, it's me, Jake."

"Jake? Why how air ye? I ain't seen ye since per-

tracted meetin'. Come right in and set a spell. I don't hear as good as I —"

"I know," shouted Jake as he entered the cabin, "but I cain't set. I'm in a hurry. Bud sent me over. Said you wuz expectin' me."

Grandma cackled, "Ye say Bud sent ye? Well, now, of course I wuz expectin' ye, and everything is all ready, too. I mayn't be as young as I used to be —" she rambled on as she bustled about the cabin.

The minutes passed. Jake walked towards the door as Grandma continued to talk and talk.

"Wal, Grandma, hyar's yore money. I'd better be goin'. Goodbye, Grandma." He unbolted the door and left the cabin.

It was late when he walked into his own brightly-lit cabin. Marthy stood with flushed face, arms akimbo, as she greeted him with the familiar:

"Jake, whar have you bin? I've bin workin' my fingers to the bone to git ready fer the preacher, and hyar you air gallavantin' around with them no-a-count boys again. What with the turkey to kill, and water to draw, and wood to chop. Jake Welty, whyn't you say somethin' instid of standin' there like an idiot. I say," she glanced at him standing sheepishly near the door, "I say, what's that you got in that kittle?" Jake grinned and set the kettle carefully on the table.

Exasperated, Marthy strode to the table, took the cover from the kettle and peered inside. Her eyes opened wide as she turned to face him.

"Jake Welty, whar did you git that thar turkey, all done to a turn, too."

Jake chuckled as he hung up his hat.

"Ask me no questions, Marthy. Anticipation is all ready fer the preacher. Whar's the water bucket?"



Mementos, Medallions, and Memories

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH

A house full of the past, filled with authentic antique furniture and presided over by three lovely ladies.

SOUTH of the small courthouse park in Carmi, at 110 Main Cross Street, sits a mellow old white cottage, which, could it talk, would tell many an interesting tale.

The original part of the house was built by John Craw

looking the garden, and the entrance porch. Thus grew a rambling seven room house.

Houses are like the people they shelter: some grow old gracefully; some fall apart quickly. The Craw house, which became known as the Robinson house, is a mellowed oldster housing three cousins who have enjoyed the privilege of living close to important persons and to the stirring events of state and nation. These present occupants of the cottage treasure memories and keepsakes of their forebears and associates. They graciously invite one who genuinely is interested in historical matters to draw up a chair and to listen while they relate fascinating stories of the past and its people, and thereof show the proofs.

The hostesses of the home are Miss Mary Jane Stewart, granddaughter of General Robinson, and Mrs. Fannie Hay Maffitt, a descendant of the Tansill and Hay families. Another cousin, Mrs. Lucy Robinson Hawkins, recently come to make this her home, is another granddaughter. In the old Southern manner they still are "Miss Mary," "Miss Fannie," and "Miss Lucy" to their intimates. Miss Fannie's father was Carson Dobbins Hay, the first boy born in Carmi and her grandfather-in-law was the noted evangelist John Newland Maffitt.

All over the home you find objects in use for more than a hundred years. On the front door are the brass locks with huge keys, installed by the General over a century ago. To the left of the door hangs his coal oil coach lamp, now electrified. In the entrance hall part of the original Craw house, stands a rosewood hall rack, and on a small old mahogany table is an immense glass hurricane shade used in the early days to protect a light. On the north wall hangs an oil portrait of President Martin Van Buren, whom General Robinson counted among his friends, given to the General by Mrs. Felix Grundy, widow of the attorney general of that period.



Courtesy Rissi Studio, Carmi.

Old Courthouse, Carmi, built 1828.

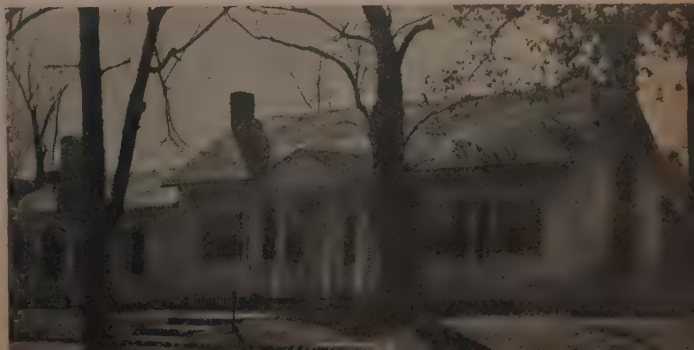
about 1815, for a residence and tavern. What are now the center and north rooms, separated by a hall, were made of logs. Fire places were built at the north and south ends of the structure.

From 1817 until 1820, the north room served as the courthouse of the new White County. Again, when the county's frame courthouse was destroyed by a storm, the County Court returned to the Craw house for its hearings, from 1824 until the new brick building was completed in 1828. It was during this period that White County's first murder trial, that of Frederick Cotner, was held in the north room.

General John McCracken Robinson bought the house, in 1835, and added the large room to the south which is now the living room, the four west rooms for dining room, kitchen, and bedrooms, the "living porch" over-

Robinson House, Carmi.

Egyptian Key photo.





The north room of the log house part is now a bedroom, little more than large enough to hold a beautiful old mahogany four-poster bed, the matching lowboy, a small spool-leg table, and a couple of rockers.

In the south room of the original part of the house stand a huge cherry four-poster bed and a chest of drawers to match. A pier glass (full length mirror to you), hangs between the two windows and nearby stands a Victorian round table with a framed marble top. On one wall of the room hang two samplers made in the 1840's by Margaret Robinson and Patty Webb, daughters of General Robinson and Edwin B. Webb, neighbors living across the street from each other.

The new south room, added by General Robinson, is one of generous dimensions. It has an outside door, five windows with wooden shutters, of course, and a large fireplace in the south wall. From the rosewood Chickering piano made in 1849, which stands at one end, to the long mirror over the mantel at the other end, this is a show room of early American furniture. This mirror is over two hundred years old. It belonged to Edwin B. Webb's parents.

Beside the north door hangs another pier glass, companion piece to the one in the bedroom. General Robinson and Edwin Bathurst Webb married sisters, Mary and Jane Ratcliffe. Each family had a daughter, Margaret Robinson, and Martha Jane Webb, better known as Patty. When one of these girls was bought anything of value, the other received a similar gift. That family custom brought about the purchase in 1850 of the two pier glasses. There are many keepsakes of both girls in this home.

The rosewood secretary in the northwest corner of this treasure room contains many interesting documents: a Lincoln letter written in 1841; a letter each from William Henry Harrison and Henry Clay; John Quincy Adams' eulogy of General Lafayette delivered in 1834 before both houses of Congress and autographed by the author; and a calling card of Mrs. Polk, wife of the eleventh president of the United States. In the bookcase, which forms the upper part of the secretary, are many old books.

In one corner of the large, light living room of this house of traditions stands the Squire's desk. The Squire was Miss Mary Stewart's great grandfather, James Ratcliffe, who, in 1840, when Abraham Lincoln stayed there, was operating the brick hotel known as the Old Tavern, which stands today at 216 East Main Street.

The mahogany desk has a drop leaf that makes the writing shelf. There are three drawers below the shelf but no secret compartment. Above the desk hangs an oval portrait of Edwin Bathurst Webb.

The notes for this story were made while sitting in the center of the room, writing on the cherry breakfast table which belonged to George Webb, father of Edwin, who was a lawyer. Miss Mary and Miss Fannie have the three licenses issued him, to practice in Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana. Edwin B. Webb, an attorney of consequence, was the last candidate for governor of Illinois of the Whig party. He was one of those "Honest Whig" pals of Abraham Lincoln in the days when both were in the legislature. Because of their friendship, Lincoln went to Carmi and spoke at the Tippecanoe Rally on September 1, 1840. The next day Webb drove Lincoln and Patty Webb to Mount Carmel. Patty, then eight years old, was to enter school there. In later years she often laughed about that tiresome ride on Lincoln's long lean lap. When stops were made, Patty allowed Lincoln to drink from her little silver mug. To this day that mug is a prized family possession. Patty later married Frank E. Hay, Mrs. Maffitt's six-foot tall uncle.

John M. Robinson usually was addressed in Illinois as General because of his lifelong connection with the state militia. Miss Stewart still owns his uniform, and a steel engraving of him wearing it hangs on the living room wall. From 1830 through 1841, he was called Senator Robinson for he was eleven years in the United States Senate. In 1843, he was elected to the Illinois Supreme Court but died at Ottawa, Illinois, April 27, having served only three months. Many pieces of the fine old furniture, mellow with much polishing and care, were purchased in the east while General Robinson lived in Washington.

The spacious dining room, too, has its appropriate treasures. On one of the mahogany sideboards stands a French china fruit-piece and two graceful old silver candlesticks. On the other sideboard, with its high back and mirror, are a handsome silver tea and coffee set; and within, pieces of flat silver, a soup ladle, and table-spoons more than 250 years old. A rare old revolving china custard-stand with its dozen cups unbroken, adorns a serving table. Time and again, one marvels at the care with which these hundreds of keepsakes have been handled through the years. Moral: Never move!

The mahogany twin dining tables with their many graceful legs, five each, can be opened out and connected so as to seat eighteen to twenty persons. The fireplace

in the west wall is equipped with many of the old-fashioned utensils in use a hundred years ago: a crane from which hang a brass kettle and an iron pot; heavy iron skillets; two broilers with legs; tongs, spoons, and cups. Over the fireplace is a large clock ticking off the seconds as it did in Ratcliff's Tavern more than a century ago.

Above the fireplace in the back bedroom hangs a huge portrait of Mrs. C. D. Hay, mother of Mrs. Maffitt and wife of the first boy born in Carmi. Enlarged from a daguerreotype, it shows Mrs. Hay in an evening gown of three flounces, worn at one of President Buchanan's levees.

Miss Stewart and Mrs. Maffitt have an unusual collection of miniatures. Among them is one of General Robinson, about 3 by 4 inches in size, done on ivory and encased in a gold frame. In an oval depression in the back of the case, under glass, is a sample of his hair and around the oval is engraved, "April 10, 1838, Aged 44. Artist Washington Bonaparte, 1830."

Another miniature is an ivory portrait of John Lane, who was the great-uncle of Patty Webb Hay, and Harriet Lane Johnston, niece of President Buchanan. A

miniature of James Ratcliff, done about 1841, on linen in a gold frame, has in the back a glass-covered space wherein are entwined two strands of hair, one brown, one flaxen. A picture of James Ratcliff Webb, brother of Patty, is made in the same manner. There are two smaller miniatures, both dated 1840, of Daniel Hay and Priscilla Dobbins Hay, in gold frames, with hair in the back ovals. These persons were Mrs. Maffitt's paternal grandparents.

An unusual miniature, dated 1850, portrays Mary Ratcliff Robinson. Only an inch in height, painted on porcelain, it was used as a watch fob. It, too, has its hair design in the back. A beautiful piece of work, but of later vintage, is a shell cameo portrait, done in Rome, of Carson Fellows Hay, at the age of six, made after his death in 1836.

A story that comes close to events of today stems from some almost century old souvenirs and a daguerreotype, one of Fanny Weems, granddaughter of "Parson" Weems. Fanny married Captain Robert Tansill, a brother of Mary Tansill Hay, Mrs. Maffitt's mother. Captain Tansill was one of the first Americans to visit the land that today's Americans have conquered so re-



South end of large living room, Robinson House.



West end of dining room, Robinson House.



Four poster bed in room where county court once was held.

cently. He was captain of the steam frigate *Powhatan*, Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry's flagship. It was on the deck of this vessel, in Tokyo Bay in 1852, that the treaty was negotiated which opened Japan to the world. That flagship was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the globe, and Mrs. Maffitt has some Japanese souvenirs and a Chinese shawl which Captain Tansill brought to his sister.

The miniatures are not the only fascinating collection the Robinson home contains. Miss Mary and Miss Fan-

nie have seven framed silhouettes, all of family figures. The Robinson-Webb-Hay entente went in for art and the cultural things in life even though they were pioneers in a rough new region.

A large spinning wheel graces one corner of the long screened living porch. Facing the west, this porch affords the occupants of the Robinson home many happy hours in the sunshine, enjoying the English flower garden grown thick with ageratum. General Robinson's office building stands alone in the far northwest corner of that garden. Over a hundred years ago the General brought from the Mount Vernon home of George Washington, a slip of English ivy and planted it at the base of the large brick chimney outside the south side of his home. Today one sees a thick luxurious vine completely covering the chimney. And all around about goes that short-and-long white picket fence—a new one



Chimney of Robinson house covered with ivy from George Washington's home.

of course—"exactly like it was when I was a child," says Miss Mary.

That's as it should be. What is more beautiful, more nostalgic, more appropriate with which to surround a house, its treasures and its peace, than a picket fence—painted white?

Nighttime

By BERNIE SMITH

The tranquil moon is hanging low,
And makes the heavens brightly glow.
The mountains reach to kiss the sky;
All earth is still, but for the cry
Of winged creatures, now in flight,
And sighing winds that fill the night.

Bedecked with pomp, the stately oak
Doth stand its vigil, draped in cloak
Of darkest hue. For night is here,
And hearts do tremble—God is near.
My soul transcends to greater height,
As I behold, in awe, the night.

I see earth's shining canopy—
The heavens' glowing galaxy.
Tho' careless be the path I trod,
I shudder at the face of God.
These burning candles of the sky
Seem now to say that He is nigh.

Enthralled by presence so divine,
I reason in this heart of mine;
I am but worthless, homely clay,
And searching, longing for the day.
For soon I know there will be light—
With Faith, I look into the night.

Five Fine Flour Generations

By ERNEST BICKNELL

The story of one of Egypt's oldest and largest industries. Five generations of one family have made flour on the banks of the Mississippi River.

A TRAVELER steamboating down the rolling Mississippi in the middle of the last century would have seen, about eighty miles below St. Louis on the Illinois bank, a huge stone structure, unusual and impressive in those days. Had his curiosity prompted him to ask, he would have been told, "That's the finest soft wheat flour mill on the river, suh, the H. C. Cole Milling Company."

A full century later, there could be no doubt in the traveler's mind, for on the side of a seven story mill close to several mammoth grain elevators, in yard-high letters is the message, "The Home of Omega Flour, H. C. Cole Milling Company."

Nathan Cole was a pioneer among pioneers in Southern Illinois, no less so because the State was already two years old when he came. The organization which he founded has been carried on in the same spirit by four more generations of his family, to the benefit of Chester, Randolph County, and Southern Illinois.

A New York man, of English and Welsh stock, Nathan Cole was doing well in a mercantile business in Ovid, New York, in 1820, when he looked westward and dreamed. He wasn't far from forty when he broke away, bade good-bye to his wife and six sons and started for St. Louis, the western jumping-off-place. Quickly prospering in the new setting, Nathan sent for his family within a year. With twenty other families, they followed

a well used, but trying pathway, starting out from Olean, New York, by flatboat down the Allegheny, down the Ohio, disembarked at Shawneetown, and by ox cart crossed Illinois to St. Louis.

Meat packing was the first business to which Nathan turned, operating a small plant at Illinoistown, now East St. Louis. As the first commercial pork packer in the Mississippi valley, he outfitted many caravans of settlers who were striking out for the "wilderness."

A seventh son was born to Nathan Cole after he was established in the west, and he made the lucky one his namesake. Nathan Cole, Jr., became a prominent St. Louis merchant and served that city as mayor.

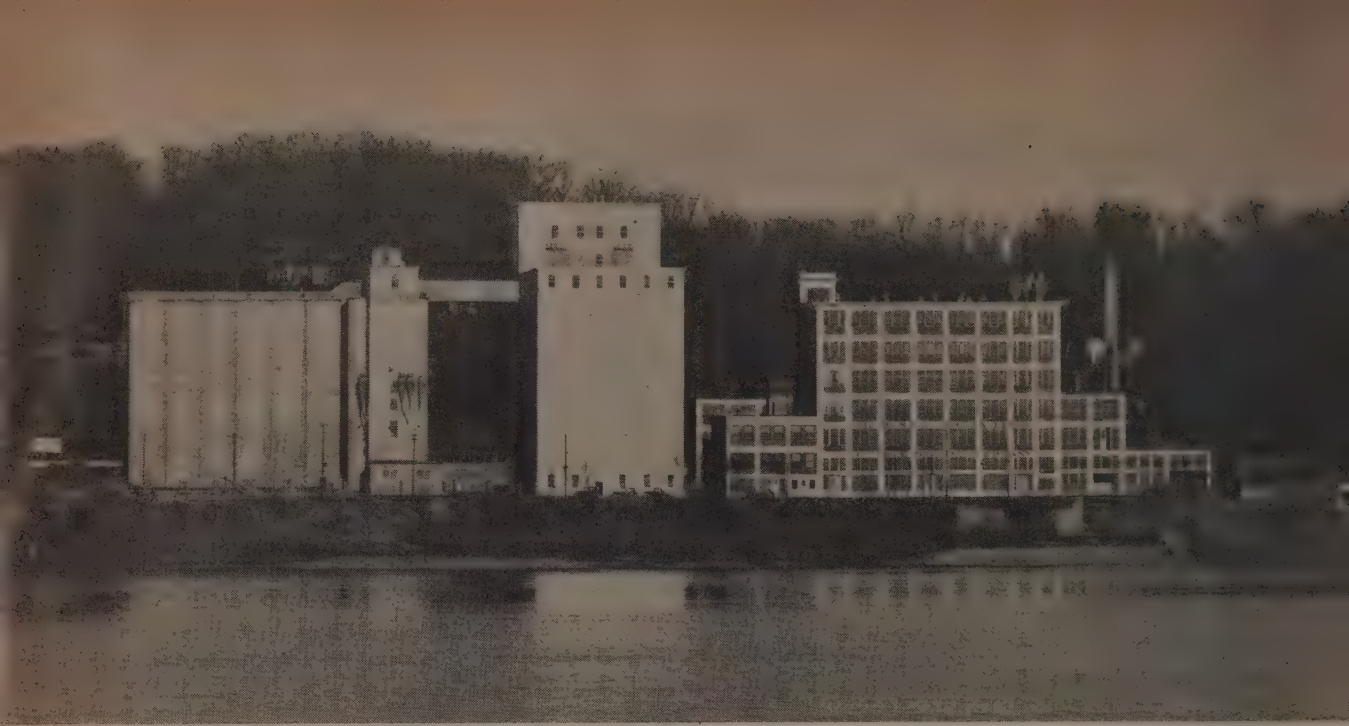
Nathan, Sr., became attracted by the rich, flourishing area south of St. Louis, and, in 1837, he moved his entire family downriver eighty miles, to the tiny hamlet of Chester. He bought a large tract of wooded land, set up a saw mill, and started furnishing lumber to the many new settlers. As an added service he rigged up to the little steam engine which ran the saw, a small stone for grinding corn.

The early lumber mill became a meeting place for inhabitants of the district when they came into town. The mill began grinding the farmers' corn, and a little later, wheat, as a side line and a service. Wagons came in increasing numbers. Payment was made with a portion of the load. One of the mill's rooms was

Austin Cole, Sr., at left and Austin Cole, Jr., at right of portrait of founder Nathan Cole.

Photo by Leonard Studio, Chester.





The H. C. Cole Milling Company shares the grandeur of the Mississippi. H. C. Cole's old home on the bluff. Photo by Leonard Studio, Chester.

used frequently as an inn to put up men who had come from a distance. It was not long until the side line became the important business, for as the area's wheat production increased, the timber available for lumber decreased.

Cole's original mill stones, attached to the saw mill, were capable of grinding only corn. When he went into flouring, he continued the small pair of stones for corn, but added two run of four-foot stones for wheat. The first flour mill, constructed in 1839, was a three-story stone building with a hipped roof.

Nathan Cole's third son, Hermon Camp, entered the picture when flouring became the principal business. Hermon had been but eight years of age when he made the exciting voyage to the new land. He received his education in St. Louis schools, and according to the record, went just three months to Shurtleff College at Alton, Illinois. Then at the age of twenty, he abruptly, and "without capital," it is stated, went into business in East St. Louis. It would appear that father wanted son to go to college, and that when the urge to get out on his own was too great for the young man, father refused to help. In any case, four years later, in 1837, Hermon moved with the rest of his family to Chester. Immediately declaring his freedom, Hermon opened a general store uptown.

If there were any rift between father and son, it soon was mended, for two years later, when the mill was enlarged for wheat, Hermon and his brother, Abner, joined the firm as partners. A year later, Nathan Cole died, at the age of fifty-seven.

Not much wheat was grown in Randolph County when the Coles came, but encouraged by the market close at hand, the farmers increased their acreage until, before many years, it was the staple crop of the county. Enough grain was available by 1839 that exportation of flour became possible. Ol' Man River had an im-

portant word to say as to where the product would be sold. Southern markets took the first flour, found it to be a superior product, and have continued to be the largest buyers of Cole flours.

Hermon, or "H. C." as he came to be known, was only twenty-six when he took over management of the firm, and his father's death less than a year later left him and his brother, Abner, without the advice of an older head. The next few years were evidently years of struggle, for according to the *Chester Tribune* of January 7, 1915: "H. C. operated the mill with varying success until 1847, the year of the Irish famine, when for the first time he made a fair profit out of the business. This, with the active market caused by the Mexican and Crimean wars, gave him sufficient means to build, in 1855, a then up-to-date mill with four run of four-foot stones and one three-and-one-half-foot pair for middlings."

A large river warehouse was constructed in 1851, the foundation of which still may be seen at the edge of the water. The 1855 mill had a capacity of 250 barrels a day. The same year the name "FFFG" brand was given to the Cole flour, a name which became a household word for fine flour, and still is used today.

In the early days of the mill, farmers of Randolph County constantly increased their acreage of wheat to supply the good market. In turn it was necessary—and profitable—to keep increasing the capacity of both the mill and the storage space. Shortly it became evident to H.C. that unless some action were taken, the county soon would be a one-crop area, with all the dangers that accompany that condition. Taking action, H. C. Cole advertised widely that in order to encourage experimentation and development of new crops within the county, he would offer to buy anything a farmer produced for sale.

Only once did a situation arise from this unusual offer

that stumped the miller. That was when a man drove up with a wagon load of castor beans. Dubious but game, Cole paid the man a price for the load, and shipped them up to St. Louis, wondering if he possibly would get his money out of them. Somebody did buy them, but who it was is unknown; to what unsavory purpose they were put can only be surmised. Out of that beginning, however, Randolph County has become an important center for the production of castor beans for the fine lubricating and mixing oils of modern industry.

The Civil War cut off for a time the rich southern market for flour, but shortly after, in 1867, H.C. sold his uptown mercantile business to devote full time to milling. He bought out Abner, and took his sons, Charles and Zachary Taylor, into the business. In another five years father and sons established in connection with the mill the banking house of H. C. Cole and Company. Two years later, having lived a very full and busy sixty-one years, H. C. Cole died.

Although he had not married until he was thirty-one, and well established, H.C. fathered eleven children. He married Emily Cox of Stamford, Connecticut, in 1844. Six children were born before she died in 1859. Three years later H.C. married Mrs. Sarah J. Flannigan who completed bearing and rearing the large family.

One of H. C.'s pet peeves concerned flour packaging. From the beginning, the standard package for flour was a barrel that held 198 pounds. A barrel-making shop or cooperage was a necessity, and of course, had grown out of the old sawmill. As the flour mill enlarged, so did the cooper shop. Making good sturdy barrels was a highly skilled trade. Almost as many men in Chester were employed in the cooperage as in the flour mill itself. Eventually, other firms put on the market a half-

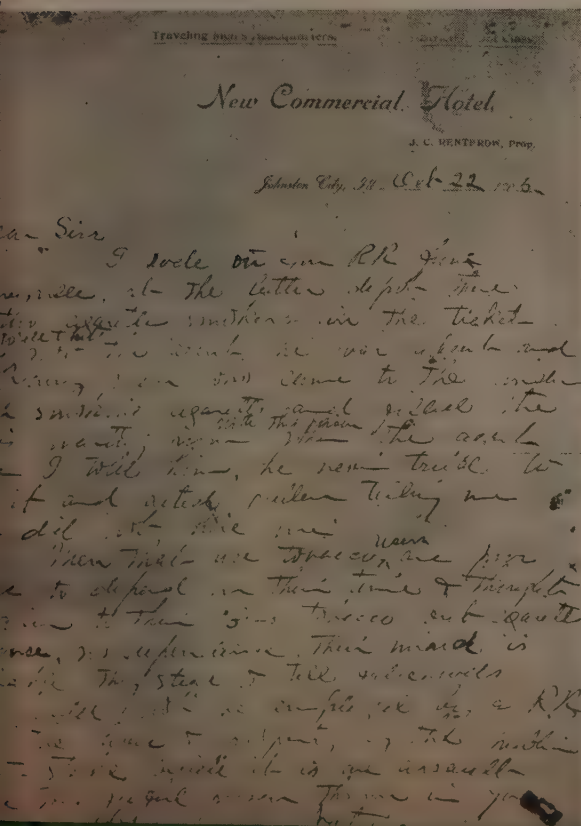
barrel, or ninety-eight pound container, which required just as much skill and labor to hold half as much flour. For years H. C. fought this idea. He is quoted as saying, "Anyone who can't buy a whole barrel of flour shouldn't eat flour!"

Today the H. C. Cole Milling Company puts up flour in two-pound sacks.

After the death of H. C., Charles and Zachary, together with a third brother, Henry Clay, carried on the flouring and banking business, moving the bank uptown. The FFFG brand name which their father had made famous, was patented before his death, and, in 1888, they honored him by incorporating the firm under his name, the one it bears today.

Brand names were new then, and it was not uncommon for a well-known product to be copied, name and all, by an inferior substitute. First flour in the United States to be protected by patent was FFFG Flour. The documents from the United States Patent Office, dated May 16, 1871, are today in the firm vaults. Strangely, however, there is no record, nor is there a member of the two living generations of the Cole family who has the slightest idea for what "FFFG" originally stood.

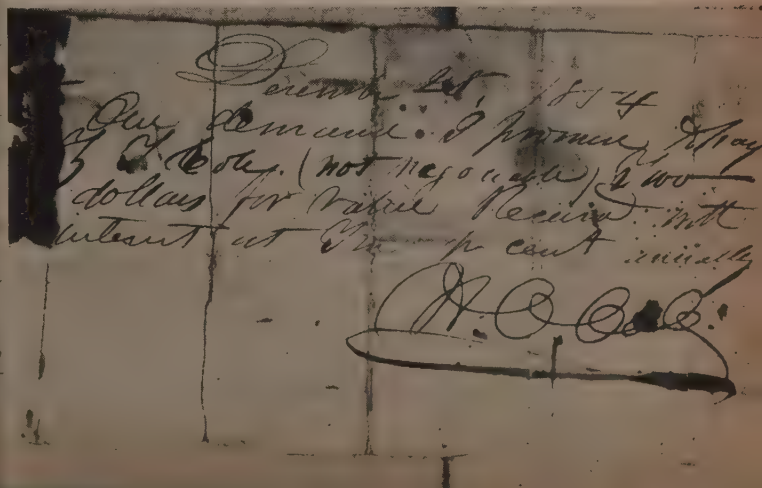
Son Austin, Sr., tells a story on the middle brother, Zachary Taylor Cole, as a youngster. It seems the life of a merchandiser appealed to Zach at an early age. His first venture into the business world was when he was almost eight years old. Learning that a boatload of soldiers was expected at the mill to pick up supplies, young Zach decided to help fill their constant demand for something to eat. He gathered up a bushel of tasty Southern Illinois apples from nearby, washed and polished them, and when the boat whistled for the landing, there was Zach and his merchandise. A



Left—Letter of Carry Nation to Cole Milling Co. Right—What does FFFG mean? Bottom — Zach Cole's most successful business venture.



Photos by Leonard Studio, Chester.





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of Olney

Prairie Farms Creamery
of Carbondale

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WALKER' DRIVE TO WALKER'S

few minutes after the gang plank went down, the apples were gone and the young man was two dollars richer.

Zach pondered at length as to what to do with his fortune. Finally he decided there was no better investment that he could make than to put his money into the Cole Milling Company. His father, who had preferred business to college, gave him a demand note, dated December 25, 1854, in which he agreed, "On demand I promise to pay Z. T. Cole (Not negotiable) Two dollars for value Received with interest at Ten per cent annually. H. C. Cole."

The young man made a better bargain than he expected, for eventually he possessed both a partnership in the mill and the original paper, now preserved in the archives.

Acquaintance with the river gave young Zach a love of boats which he never lost. In his early teens he ran away to New York, shipped aboard a clipper as cabin boy, and sailed to China. When he arrived back in New York, Father was awaiting him at the dock! Young Zach received a well-rounded lecture on running away, but it closed pleasantly. "Young man," said H. C. Cole, "if you must go to sea, you don't have to go as cabin boy." As a result, Zach sailed again, this time as a ship's officer, making a long voyage to many ports around the Mediterranean.

An appointment to Annapolis came as a result of Zach's interest, and he attended for two years, until he sustained an injury which required his discharge. Shortly thereafter he went to the west coast, purchased an interest in a merchant clipper, the *Challenger*, filled her with wheat and sailed her around the Horn to Scotland.

With shipping success, Zach invested in an "iron bottom" sailing vessel, the *May Flint*. Shortly after the Spanish-American War the *May Flint* was coming into the Golden Gate with a hold of Australian coal when she ran afoul of the famous battlewagon *U.S.S. Oregon*, anchored in San Francisco Bay. Somehow the *May Flint* impaled herself on the *Oregon's* tough prow, and almost instantly went to the bottom. In spite of this disaster, and Zach Cole's return to the milling business, he retained his interest in ships all his life.

The mill was completely changed, in 1883, eliminating the old fashioned stone grinders. All the machinery was wrecked, and complete new machinery installed, changing the plant to the modern steel roller process.

Following the installation of the roller process which made it possible to manufacture a higher grade flour than ever before, as well as a number of varying lower grades, a new brand name was elevated to stardom. This was the "Omega" brand, widely known today throughout the South and Midwest. FFFG was continued as a second brand along with several others not so well-known.

At the time of the firm's centennial celebration in 1939, H. B. Sparks of Palm Beach, Florida, who had been a Cole bookkeeper from 1887 through 1889, wrote Vice-President Charles Randall: "There were other brands [than Omega and FFFG], 'Cole's Mills,' and finally, 'Sancho Panza.' I believe all our stencils were cut by a man in St. Louis named Segar, and he had a time cutting that brand—a donkey with a ragged Spaniard astride. It was used on low grade, and was a

mighty good flour at that, made from that good local soft wheat . . . ” The “man named Segar” who “had a time cutting that brand” was Amzi Segar, well known Chester character, sign painter, and father of the creator of *Popeye the Sailor* man, Elzie Crisler Segar.

Omega brand became so well known that a small town in Georgia was named from it. Years later, when the brand was submitted to the Patent Office for renewal of patent, the Office at first refused permission on the grounds that the name “Omega” was a word of public use since a town in the United States bore it. Only after the fact was pointed out that the community was named from the flour, was the renewal granted.

The year 1879 was memorable to both the mill and the town of Chester. A new generator was installed in the mill which produced more power than was needed at the time, therefore, according to Cole records “electric lights were put in town.” It is further stated that “Chester was the first town in the State to be so lighted.”

It may be that this is a more important “first” than is indicated, for, according to the *Encyclopedia Americana*, “Aurora [Illinois] was the first city in the world to light its streets by electricity.” In the *Aurora Centennial History* written, in 1937, by Charles Pierce Burton, city historian, is the statement, “in 1881, the lighting contract having expired, Aurora leaped into international fame by abandoning gas lighting and installing a system of electric street lighting, the first in the world.”

A group of promoters had built a railroad in 1872 from Chester, passing the rear of the mill, to Pinckney-

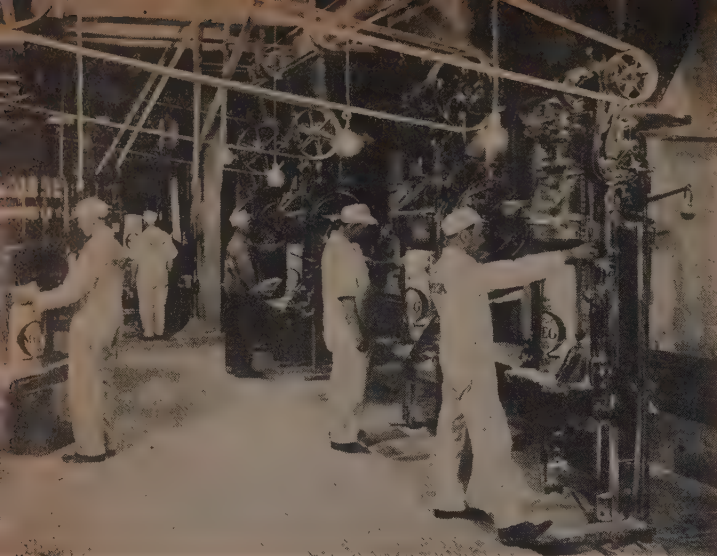


Photo by Leonard Studio, Chester.
Nathan Cole's original mill, painting
by F. Humphry Woolrych, St. Louis.

ville, and had operated it unsuccessfully for a short while. Named the Wabash, Chester and Western, it was more frequently called the “Wobble, Crook and Wobble.” When the line failed, the Coles bought it cheaply and continued to operate it. The road proved valuable to the mill for bringing in both coal and wheat, so it was extended east to Mount Vernon, tapping that rich area. Finally, in 1903, the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad, now the Missouri

Left—Ruins of Cole Mill, January 4, 1915. Right—Cole's newest elevators, visible for miles up and down the Mississippi. Photo by Leonard Studio, Chester.





Packing room where sacks are filled and sewn.

Pacific, constructed its line to New Orleans directly in front of the mill, and shortly after, the Coles sold their short line to that railroad.

The comparatively smooth path of progress followed by the H. C. Cole Milling Company was roughened somewhat, in 1905, by crossing the stormy trail of Carry Nation, famous reformer of her time. It came as a result of their flier into the railroad business. Carry Nation was unable to enjoy the beauty of autumn colors or the fragrance of the day late in October, because of "fearful poison thrown in her face" by the station agent at Pinckneyville. Highly incensed, she wrote that evening: "Men that use tobacco are poor persons to depend on. Their time and thoughts are given to their Boss tobacco . . . cigarettes are worse . . . They steal and tell falsehoods and should not be employed by a RR . . . I take time from my busy life to write this, I hope not in vain."

The letter, in its original envelope, lies in state in the Cole scrapbook, but the records do not disclose whether or not it was written in vain.

On January 4, 1915, the work of three generations went up in smoke. A detailed account of the tragedy was given in the January 7, *Chester Tribune*:

"Fire broke out in the plant between one and one-

Flour dust collectors eliminate explosions.



Grinding floor where Cole flours are milled.
Photos by Leonard Studio, Chester.

thirty o'clock last Monday morning, and before dawn all that was left of the large building was a mass of smouldering ruins and tottering walls.

"The fire originating in the extreme southern corner of the mill gave ample opportunity to remove from the office in the northern corner all valuables, including money, books, papers and furniture. C. B. Cole, whose home is but a few hundred yards distant from the mill on the high bluff overlooking the mill property, was aroused immediately after discovery of the fire, and hastened to the doomed structure. He at once went into the mill office and began removal of the mill's valuables from the great vault and office to the Mike Gnaegy saloon building nearby.

"On the first floor in a retail room was stored a large quantity of flour in sacks. Willing helpers hurriedly removed the contents of this room to the Gnaegy building, where, a short time after daylight, it had been sold to local merchants who realized that it was the last Omega and FFFG flour they would be able to get for an indefinite time, probably forever."

The Mike Gnaegy saloon, where many a worker stopped after work on his way up the hill to his home, and which was pressed into service as an office and storage room in this pre-dawn, still stands, or rather,

Chemistry laboratory where flour is tested half-hourly.

Photos by Leonard Studio, Chester.



squats, a ghostly, empty-windowed structure of natural stone at the foot of the gleaming towers of the modern wheat storage elevators.

The fire caused a loss of \$100,000, fortunately most of it covered by insurance, but it threw out of work a large number of Chester citizens, some of whom had been with the mill for more than forty years. The loss, however, could have been even more serious. Saved were the storage elevators to the north of the mill, and they contained 100,000 bushels of wheat.

It was necessary to start almost from scratch as far as a mill was concerned, so there was some discussion among the Cole brothers of moving to a new location. When the owners decided to rebuild on the same site, at Chester, grateful citizens of the community presented the firm with a huge loving cup, engraved: "As an expression of their appreciation for the forceful enterprise shown in constructing here the finest flouring mill in the United States. 1839-1915."

The enlarged mill as it was rebuilt had a daily milling capacity of 750 barrels. Today that is exactly doubled. This huge establishment consumes two million bushels of wheat a year, Southern Illinois wheat that is the first choice of households in more than ten states.

The new mill, although smaller than at present, was the very latest and finest that scientific millers could imagine. Shortly after the fire, the Coles ordered the A. E. Baxter Engineering Company of Buffalo, New York, to design the nearest perfect one thousand-barrel mill possible. In March, 1915, ground was broken on the original site, and by October of that year wheels again were turning. Many millers visited the mill soon after its completion, and their praise was high.

Concrete, steel, and glass were the building materials. As one can see today, windows on all four sides of the mill give excellent lighting. Consistent with the washed and conditioned air inside, the building is spotless. It is pointed out that the six-inch concrete floors have more than five thousand spout, belt, elevator, and bolt holes, every one measured to a fraction of an inch before the concrete was poured. In addition there are openings for added equipment.

On January 1, 1926, eleven years after the disastrous fire, there pulled away from the mill the largest single trainload of flour ever to leave in one day. Actually it took nine days just to load the train. Seventy-five freight cars, bearing in huge letters, "Omega New Year's Special" sped through the Southland, dropping full freight cars for merchant customers along the way. In a newspaper story at the time, it was estimated that the three million pound, 16,046 barrel load was enough flour "to make 61,686,180 biscuits."

In 1922, a 350,000-bushel elevator was built. Then, in 1936 and 1937, the old rock elevator which had seen sixty-four years of service was torn down to make way for an added 100,000-bushel elevator. Just two years later again it was necessary to expand, and the newest addition was erected.

This most recent structure is the huge and impressive north elevator, with its base but a stone's throw from the waters of the Mississippi and its nineteen bins rising gleaming white more than 125 feet above the stream. Truly beautiful is the symmetry of the towering mass of concrete, capable of holding 250,000 bushels of



Photo by Leonard Studio, Chester.
From Egypt to Omega—soft red winter wheat.

wheat. With the facilities in this building it is possible for the plant to clean, weigh, and grade 6,500 bushels of wheat an hour.

The storage capacity today totals 725,000 bushels. The firm also owns a 10,000-bushel elevator at Sparta and another at Prairie du Rocher with a capacity of 90,000 bushels.

In the modern storage elevators the grain may be stored indefinitely without danger of spoilage, which usually comes from heating. Heat is controlled, first through a device which registers the temperature of the stored wheat at every five feet throughout a bin, and second, by means of an aeration system which forces cool air up from the bottom to neutralize spots which show signs of heating.

The wheat used, from the very first and still today, is Southern Illinois soft red winter wheat, described by the present generation Cole, as it undoubtedly was by the Coles before him, as "the world's finest pastry flour wheat."

Two important variables must be controlled in a mill and in the grain if the product is to be of uniform quality. Those variables are temperature and humidity. According to Cole's mill superintendent, Carl N. Arnold, the degree of heat and the water content of the wheat chosen is not as important as to keep these two factors always the same. In order to bring all wheat to one temperature and water content and to keep it there throughout the entire processing, it is necessary not only to air-clean and to wash the grain with water, but also, every cubic foot of air entering the plant must be washed and cooled or heated. More than 24,000 gallons of water a day are evaporated to do this job.

The "weather man," which washes and purifies the air, pumps 50,000 cubic feet of it through the mill every minute, all at a temperature of eighty degrees. There are only five other mills in the United States with this scientific equipment, according to Austin Cole, Jr.

Before a batch of grain is to start through the mill, it is subjected to a thorough cleansing and then the washing and tempering processes which may take up to twenty-four hours. Only the best quality of soft winter wheat is able to stand up under these conditions which prepare it for grinding. To be sure that the wheat is standing up properly as it goes through, it is analyzed and tested every half hour.

One floor of the modern flouring mill has the appearance of a forest of vertical and almost vertical metal chutes the size of small stove pipes. Through these the grain is dropped by gravity into machine after machine, floor after floor, making twenty trips from the top of the mill to the bottom before it is ready for packing.

First, the cleaned whole grain falls between two rough-surfaced steel rollers which revolve inward and downward. One roller moves slightly faster than the other, producing a grinding action. In this operation as in the next nineteen steps, a cloud of flour dust is created. If this were allowed to be free, it would cause a tremendous waste of good flour, and, of course, flour dust in the air, as any dust, is highly explosive. Therefore, each grinding operation is fully enclosed in a wooden container and all dust is drawn off by air. The dust is collected in a series of large collectors where it is separated from the air and returned to the milling process.

The collector looks roughly like the paddle wheel of a riverboat, with so-called "stockings" along the paddles. As the collector revolves around an enclosed drum into which the dust-laden air is blown, the dust collects in the stockings and the free air passes on through the cloth.

Five breaking operations, each time through finer rollers, and each time followed by a screening to separate flour from hull, prepares the coarse wheat meal for milling. When it is ready for the milling, or reduction operations, it has the texture of fine cornmeal. Fifteen more times the flour travels up and back through smooth steel rollers before it is of the very fine and uniformly perfect consistency which has earned for this flour its high reputation.

Time was, the flour was ready for household use after one milling between the huge stones which are today but souvenirs of outmoded methods. Not only has the reduction method changed, but uniformity is now guaranteed by sifting, sifting, sifting, after every one of twenty milling operations. Early in the breaking operations wire screens are sufficient to separate meal from chaff, but gradually the screens must be finer and finer.

Only one material has been found — and that only from certain countries — that will sift the flour to the fineness to meet Omega standards. That material is silk, Swiss silk. European silk, produced and woven principally in Southern France, Italy, and Switzerland, is of much higher grade and uniformity than Oriental silk, and the Coles have purchased their bolts of silk from the beginning from one Swiss firm which produces a material finer and more uniform than any other in Europe. Only with a microscope can the weave be seen, for it runs from 15,000 to 18,000 meshes to the square inch. All Omega flour has been sifted, or bolted, through this material.

The bolting cabinets, arranged in rows on the fifth story of the building, give the appearance of huge old-fashioned wood-paneled ice boxes suspended between floor and ceiling. Each has a number of cloth pipes, like fire hose, leading in at the top and out at the bottom. A cabinet opened to view displays twenty-seven trays stacked one on top of the other. Each tray is a screen, the top one coarse, graduating down to the lowest of finest mesh. A narrow passageway at one end

of each tray takes off the grind of that size and drops it down through the proper chute to its next milling operation. The sifting is accomplished by giving a cabinet a horizontal circular motion which rolls the grind over the screen. The uninitiated person who for the first time watches these rows of circular moving boxes without becoming rubber-legged and using the wall for support must have an iron constitution.

Fineness and physical uniformity are not the only qualities which a flour must have. The temperature and water content, as well as other milling processes which are well-guarded secrets, affect its chemical composition, and therefore, its baking properties. How well their flour bakes is vital information to the Coles, so samples are baked every hour. This doesn't mean that the baker whips up a dozen cakes or batches of biscuits every day — although it is said that he can and does bake a wonderful cake. Actually the baker is an expert chemist working in a fully equipped laboratory, constantly testing samples of wheat and flour. All flour going through the mill is analyzed every thirty minutes for protein, absorption, volume, and color, to insure an unexcelled uniformity of the product. In addition, samples are taken of every shipment leaving the mill, which are properly labeled and stored away. Thus, in case of damaged shipment or a rare complaint, it is possible to check back to demonstrate the condition of the flour when it left the mill.

World War II brought one change to the milling industry. It eliminated the old familiar measurements of 198 pound barrels and the half barrel of 98 pounds. The government decreed that flour must be put up in multiples of five and ten pounds. Probably in the future, flour will continue to be put up in containers of five, ten, twenty-five, and one hundred pounds, with one concession to the apartment dweller — the two-pound size.

Last in the many steps in processing flour from the wheat berry to the sacked flour on its way to Mrs. Homemaker, is the packing process. In the packing room, men stand before machines which fill the familiar Omega-labeled bags from huge overhead bins, automatically weigh the bags, and sew them. Here, as in every other process, the flour is never touched by workers. For smaller, or family packaging, the Coles have in addition to the Chester mill, a packaging plant in Memphis, Tennessee.

Few housewives know, that for best results, flour, as high grade tobaccos, fine wines, and Chinese eggs, must be properly matured and aged. This essential step formerly required as long as six weeks. Now it is completed in a matter of days. Storage for a few hours in an atmosphere of chlorine gas does the trick.

The beating heart of the mill, which drives every process and furnishes the plant with enough electricity to light a small city, is the power plant. In the engine room, which is clean enough to mix a cake on the floor, a 700-horsepower reciprocating steam engine runs the machinery, and two large generators supply the electricity. Prepared for any emergency, such as complete failure of the generators and the steam engine, there stands near the middle of the room a tiny Diesel engine which can generate enough "juice" at least to light up the mill for repairs.

The Mississippi's highest water in 1937 — but a few inches higher than in 1936 — was not high enough to

close the mill itself, but effectively stopped trains upon which the mill now depends for transportation. The water's high point, marked and dated at a corner of the first elevator, reached a height outside the boiler room and power plant of almost four feet. Dykes of earth were thrown up hastily in advance of the water, and with a little pumping, the rooms were kept dry.

The mill's by-products are limited to animal feeds, bran, shorts, mixed feeds, and wheat germ. The firm concentrates on making one high grade product, rather than processing some of the by-products for human consumption.

Although the cooper shop is a thing of the past, the mill at present employs sixty persons, and has seventeen salesmen in the field. Among the employes are men whose fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers worked in the Cole mill.

The original H. C. Cole home, which started life as a two-room log cabin, stands high on the wooded bluff overlooking the mill. The cabin is still there, encompassed by the larger frame house built by H. C. many years later. Eventually outgrowing this, H. C. again built, even higher on the crest of the bluff, a pretentious, castle-like brownstone residence. Today, this home is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Austin Cole, Jr., and their children, Lois Ann and "Sonny," who is Austin III.

Pride and joy of Austin Cole, Sr., is a herd of regis-

tered Jerseys on his beautiful modern farm at the southeastern edge of Chester. His white Cape Cod home in the midst of spacious grounds landscaped like a golf course, commands a view of Southern Illinois hills.

The city of Chester is indebted to the Cole family not only for many years of business enterprise, employment, and taxes for local improvement, but also for Chester Public Library and Cole Memorial Park.

Charles, or "C. B.," Cole erected the limestone library building and presented it to the city in memory of his wife who had been active in the small private library operated by local women. Miss Minnie F. Adams, librarian then and now, recalls that once while C. B. was sitting for his portrait in the basement of the unfinished building in 1927, she reminded him of the dedication ceremony which was to take place in a few weeks.

"Miss Minnie," said C. B., "I shall not be there."

"Oh, but you must be there!"

"But, Miss Minnie, I shall not be there!"

C. B. had the last word, for two days before the dedication date, he suffered a heart attack and died. He was eighty-three. A funeral service took the place of the dedication in the beautiful new library, and he was buried from there.

Just south of Chester between the highway and the river lies a heavily wooded ravine with a turquoise

Bluffs around Chester and the home of Omega flour.

Aero-Graphic Corp. photo.





You needn't be a Pin-up Girl
to have beautiful legs! Prim shadow
sheer hosiery sheathe your legs
in loveliness . . . are Model Molded
to fit and flatter!



jewel in its center. The glistening swimming pool and winding roads and paths lie in this forty-acre municipal park, given to the city about ten years ago by C. B.'s daughter, Miss Alice Cole, who still lives in Chester. The property once had been subdivided and owners' heirs became scattered. Miss Alice took upon herself the task of securing quit-claims from relatives on the west coast and in the Dakotas, by correspondence and personal visits for several years before she accomplished the job. When the gift was presented to Chester, many Coles were represented, but Miss Alice did the work.

The future of the H. C. Cole Milling Company, in the hands of the Cole family, is assured, as it has been in the past, by the loyal housewives and bakers who insist upon the high grade products made of "the world's finest pastry flour wheat," the pride of Egypt.

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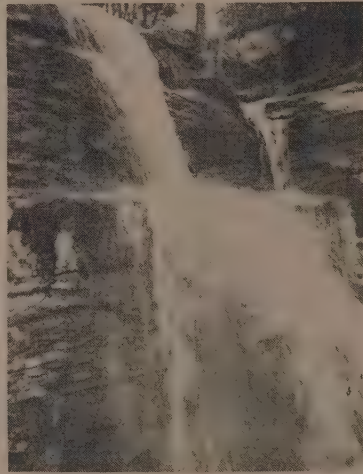
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and
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Top to bottom: Municipal Library; Mississippi River Bridge; St. Ann's Home; Municipal Swimming Pool; Left: Monument in Evergreen Cemetery at grave of Illinois' First Governor, Shadrach Bond.
—(Advertisement)



Top left—Sally Hollow. (Photo by Dean Hill, Harrisburg.) Top right—Woods in Union County. (Photo by Ray Hodde, Springfield.) Center right—Meandering creek. (Photo by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna.) Inset—Burdens Falls. (Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg.) Bottom—The Black Diamond Highway near Pomona. (Photo by Ill. State Highway Dept.)





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Civil War Veteran

By MRS. ALBERT F. MEYER

Among the newest graves of the 5,500 at the National Cemetery at Mound City, where sleep many veterans of the American Civil War, as well as other wars, is that of Shepherd Lafayette Womack who was buried there February 3, 1945. He is believed to be the last of the Civil War veterans of Southern Illinois, and his passing ends a glorious and colorful chapter in the story of Egypt's participation in the struggle between the States.

Born near Pekin, Illinois, January 9, 1848, the son of George W. and Nancy Womack, the boy found himself too young for the adventure of war when the Civil War opened. Two attempts to get into the Northern army were futile but in 1863, at the age of fifteen years, he finally managed to enlist as a private. He served with Company A of the Twenty-ninth Illinois Infantry until 1865, when he was honorably discharged.

At the age of seventeen, when discharged, he was already a scarred and wounded veteran of fierce battles. He had participated in the campaigns along the Mississippi River, seeing combat action at Spanish Fort, the siege of Vicksburg, at Mobile, and a number of other engagements. Womack suffered several wounds, the most serious being a chest injury just above the heart which kept him hospitalized for an extended time in army hospitals at New Orleans, in the old Halliday House at Cairo, and finally at Mound City in the Military Hospital, which has been occupied in recent years by the Ladoga Canning Company.

Until his death Womack retained a vivid memory of his youthful participation in the Civil War and recounted many of his experiences to his friends. He continued a patriotic interest in reunions and celebrations connected with his earlier life in Southern Illinois in order to meet with his old neighbors and his former associates in the war. He attended Memorial Day services at National Cemetery every year until two years ago when his age had enfeebled him to such an extent that he was unable to take part. At his death on January 30, 1945, at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Douglas, near Karnak, Illinois, he was 97 years and 21 days old. He was given a military burial at the National Cemetery with a squad from the Illinois Reserve Militia Company at Cairo, the Mounds High School Band, and members of the American Legion assisting.

Following his war experience, Womack remained in Southern Illinois and was a building contractor for a time. He was married to Sarah Rose on March 19, 1870, and to them were born eleven children. Five of these are living: a son, James, of Long Beach, California; and four daughters, Carrie Wilson, of Harrisburg, Illinois; Annie Douglas, of Karnak, Illinois; Maude Alleman, of Kirley, South Dakota; and Vera Shields, of Long Beach, California. At his death there also were eleven grandchildren and twenty-three great-grandchildren.

After a number of years in construction work, Womack turned to farming for a livelihood and followed that occupation until the death of his wife in 1926. Thereafter he retired and made his home with his son-in-law and daughter near Karnak, until his death.



Shepherd L. Womack (seated) wearing his Civil War decorations tries his hands at the oars while on vacation trip a few years ago with his son-in-law, R. L. Douglas (standing) of near Karnak. Womack was well past ninety years at time picture was taken.

Besides an ardent interest in events connected with the Civil War, Shepherd Womack took his politics seriously. He cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln during the War President's second term campaign and had the distinction of voting in every succeeding presidential election, including the 1944 campaign.

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Restoration of Jarrot Mansion

By GUY STUDY

The Nicholas Jarrot house at Cahokia in all probability has had its exterior restored to just about what it was when it was built, about 1800.

A little over a year ago, Oliver L. Parks purchased the old residence with one hundred acres of land, expecting to use it as a guest house or possibly an office for Parks Air College. When he bought the old house it was in a terribly run-down condition, especially the exterior. So many changes had been made to the roof, cornices, and front porch, that its exterior appearance was greatly changed from what it was originally.

In about 1840, a curious gingerbread jig-sawed porch was added to the front; then about 1890, this 1840 porch was removed and a porch composed of four Corinthian columns was added. There is good reason to believe that the porch put on in 1890 was a replica of a former porch, if, indeed, the house originally had a porch. At any rate, this later porch blended perfectly with the original architecture of the house and so we, as architects for the restoration, decided to preserve this 1890 porch; but since it was in ruins, it had to be restored. Some time between 1840 and 1880, a red tile Spanish roof with wide, projecting eaves and cornices was added. Because this roof was sadly out of keeping with the original design, we removed it together with all the cornices and built back cornices of classical design and covered the roof with Williamsburg shingle tile which resembles the original hand-split wood shingles. It is a fair assumption that the exterior of

the house today is much as it was originally built.

The interior of the house is today almost exactly as it was originally built. All the paneling, trim, and doors remain, and although they have been treated rather badly, can be restored to their original condition. It is the intention of Mr. Parks to restore the interior in the near future.

Many strange tales of valor and romance are connected with the old house. It was, of course, the finest and most elaborate house in all the American Bottom, and, in fact, probably for a half century the most important house in the State of Illinois. It always has been referred to as the Mansion House.

One of the legends of Cahokia is that General Lafayette, in 1825, was entertained in the old mansion. I can find no historical evidence to substantiate this.

I have read the St. Louis papers of the day which described in detail General Lafayette's trip from Carondelet to St. Louis and back to Kaskaskia, but there is no mention of him at Cahokia. In 1829, General Lafayette's secretary, who accompanied him on this American tour, during which he kept detailed notes of the trip, published two volumes on this tour. Very minute record was made of the General's trip from New Orleans to St. Louis and back down the river again to the mouth of the Ohio and up the Ohio to Louisville.

There is no mention of Cahokia. So I think it is a fair assumption to state that Lafayette was not entertained in the Mansion House at Cahokia.

Jarrot Mansion as restored.

Photo by Charles Trefts, St. Louis.



There are accounts in several histories of St. Clair County about the building of the mansion. One account has it that the original foundations consisted of walnut logs stood on end and rested in turn upon cross logs and a bed of cinders, and that these wooden foundations projected above the ground two or three feet. It is difficult to account for this rather minute description of the original foundations of the house and I am inclined to believe that this is another erroneous legend.

The present foundations are of rubble stone. While we were restoring the mansion, we had occasion to dig down below the foundations, but no logs or piles were discovered.

There is also in existence a photograph of the old mansion which must have been taken before 1860, judging from the costumes of the people appearing in the picture. This early photograph shows that the house was resting on a stone foundation. The house was then only forty years old, or thereabouts, and it is hardly possible that walnut logs would be rotted away within forty years had they originally been used.

We are accustomed to think of Illinois, of all states, as being a free state, and overlook the fact that slavery was a recognized institution in Illinois when the state was formed in 1818. The old French in Cahokia and Kaskaskia possessed slaves from the earliest times; and the Government of the United States, when it took over the territory at the close of the Revolutionary War, permitted the slave-holding families to retain their slaves, although the ordinance of 1787 prohibited, at least, the extension of slavery in the Illinois Country. The Jarrot family is known to have possessed slaves and some of these slaves are said to have lived in the basement of the old mansion. The fireplaces in the basement show that the basement was used for living quarters.

There also are stories concerning the fidelity and devotion of the slaves to the Jarrot family. Yet it is an odd commentary that it was a slave of the Jarrot family who brought legal action which wiped out slavery forever in the state of Illinois. This was the famous case of Jarrot *versus* Jarrot in which one of the slaves having taken the name of Jarrot brought suit against the Jarrot family for his freedom. The slave was represented by the famous senator, Lyman Trumbull.

It is hoped that the restoration of the Mansion House will start a movement for the restoration of other historical buildings in Cahokia so that its pristine beauty and picturesqueness may return. The great value of such restoration should be evident to everyone.

Here in the American Bottom for centuries, the Indians made their homes; here is the most remarkable group of mounds in North America; here the great Indian chief Pontiac frequently visited and here, about 1770, he met his death. Here in Cahokia still stands, and fortunately in a splendidly restored condition, the first courthouse in Illinois. Here the laws of the United States, west of the Allegheny Mountains, were put first into execution, and, here, still in existence, is the parish of the Holy Family and here still stands the oldest church in the Mississippi Valley. Nor should one forget that here in Cahokia was made, in 1699, the first permanent white man's settlement in the Mississippi Valley.

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Egyptian Starlight

VI. — Rowland L. Williams

Among the many prominent men who are products of Egypt, is the head of one of the great western rails.

Photo by Moffett Studio, Chicago.



FORTY-FOUR years ago a Salem boy at the age of twelve took a rather dubious step in his business career by going to work during summer vacation in the local station of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railroad. It was a dubious step because it was not exactly a job; it was really permission to give a hand here and there about the station, with the opportunity to learn telegraphy. There was no salary.

Rowland L. Williams has traveled far since then. Today you will find him still a railroad man, but a far busier one, as president of the Chicago and North Western Railway System, one of the great railway systems of the nation.

As a boy Williams was no different than any of the other Salem boys of his age. He started out in business with a paper route which brought him a dollar a week, and he made certain he kept that route when he first went to work in the railroad station. The following summer he came back to the station again, but this time with a real job, for his name was duly inscribed on the payroll at \$5 a month.

Williams was interested in his job, but no more than any average boy. He liked railroads and was fascinated by their huge locomotives. He was awed by the officers' business car which occasionally passed

through Salem. He wondered about the country beyond the horizon from whence and to whither the trains rolled. Today, he says his ambitions for success were based largely on this boyish fascination and curiosity, a desire for adventure and a little wishful thinking to be a bigger cog in railroading.

This, apparently, was enough when supplemented by his own native abilities. After two years as a station messenger, he moved up to freight and yard clerk and telegrapher for the same company. Two years later he changed railroads to become telegraph operator for the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

Then, in 1907, he became a transportation timekeeper. Being in his early 20's, Williams just about this time had other, more personal, interests than those of heading a railroad. In 1912, he married Ruth Bogan, the Salem girl he had been courting.

For about five years thereafter, the railroad career of Williams seemed almost at a standstill, in salary, at any rate; and to a married man that was important. Then one day opportunity knocked again. During the next six years he was promoted successively to division chief accountant, assistant chief clerk, chief clerk to the division superintendent, and chief clerk to the di-

vision engineer. Every new job brought with it new knowledge, new contacts, and new and different problems to overcome.

When he was offered the chance to come to the railroad's main offices in Chicago with a \$10 raise in pay, Williams almost turned it down because the increase was not commensurate with Chicago's cost of living. He thought better of it, however, and accepted the offer which proved to be the real turning point in his career. His first assignment was to look into the advisability of buying new and heavier locomotives. This involved detailed surveys of existing methods of train operations and the physical characteristics of the territory. His recommendations were so beneficial that it was not long before he was made special representative to the president. Within the next four years he moved up to executive vice-president.

Up to this time Williams spent a great deal of time traveling the length of the C. & E. I., his business also taking him to other railroads. It was an odd stroke of fate that when he was selected as chief executive officer of the Chicago and North Western Railroad Company in 1939, he should be placed in charge of a railroad on whose trains he had never ridden.

Williams came to the North Western, Chicago's oldest railroad,

during the most trying time in its long existence. The thirties were bad years for all railroads, including the North Western which was in the hands of the courts. When Williams was given the reins, the road was laboring under a \$15,000,000 deficit. In June of 1944, five years later, the road was returned to private management with a net income of more than \$26,000,000.

President Williams declines to take any personal credit, but the fact remains that as chief executive officer during that period he assumed many great responsibilities and had to make many of the important decisions. Although the railroad was new to him, he soon became acquainted by covering every foot of the ten-thousand mile line with frequent inspection trips. One of his first major recommendations was for a housecleaning — streamlining the railroad as well as its trains. This resulted in the disposal of more than one thousand miles of unnecessary branch and side lines and more than two thousand buildings of various kinds. This also included consolidation of shops and points of service, and elimination of many locomotives for which the road no longer had any use.

"During my first three years, the housecleaning brought out 700,000 tons of scrap metal which even at prewar prices was worth \$7,000,000," Williams explains as one of the benefits of the campaign.

Here again Williams insists that credit should be given to subordinate officers and the men in the ranks. He points out that the wheels of a railroad cannot turn without these men and that each employee's work, no matter how unimportant it may seem to be, is an essential part in the smooth and efficient operations of the railroad as a whole. Because he has that philosophy, Williams expects each man to carry the responsibilities given to him.

When President Williams asks for an opinion he wants an opinion and not an attempt at mind reading. He sticks to his convictions just as he likes his men to stick to theirs, but once he is proven to be wrong he is quick to acknowledge this. He does not talk in vagaries but concentrates his thoughts and efforts on the problem in mind. Because he likes to be right next to those problems whenever possible, Williams is anything

but an armchair executive. He is frequently "on the road" inspecting lines, discussing matters with the responsible officers and employees in their respective localities.

Even so, Williams knows how to relax. He still retains the curiosity he had as a boy and is interested in other people and what they do, which to him is a form of relaxation. His chief physical recreation is golf, something the pressure of recent war

years did not permit him to indulge in as frequently as he would like. When not in his office or traveling on business he usually can be found at home with Mrs. Williams and their seventeen-year-old son, Robert, or off spending a quiet week-end somewhere. And even then a call often will bring him back down to his office, for a railroad, unlike many industries, never stops running, even on week-ends.



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Courthouse Builder

By FRANK PLANERT

ONCE the “King’s Architect” in his native Germany, Henry Barkhausen was one of the earliest settlers of Alexander County. An architect and builder by profession, he moved his family to the United States in about 1834 after having served his government for many years in his professional capacity. Following a short stay near the Atlantic Coast, he trekked west with his wife and three sons. The venture led him to locate on a bench at the foot of a series of bluffs which became, and now is, the village of Thebes. The head of the bluffs is known to river men as “the Chain of Rocks,” marking the break through the Ozark range of hills by the Mississippi River.

Barkhausen constructed an adequate home from the heavy timbers that clothed the hills and from materials in the sandstone beds which had to be converted into usable shapes and sizes with crude implements and hand labor. Now followed a variety of projects: he and two of his sons engaged for some years in the operation of a ferry which linked Thebes with the opposite shore of Missouri; a tavern was maintained; and, finally, the Barkhausens operated a wood yard, supplying the steamboats which at that time were dependent upon wood for fuel. In this last service the barges were loaded with wood at the river bank, to be picked up by passing boats in need of fuel. With the barges attached to the steamboats, the wood could be unloaded from the barge to the boat while under way. After the transfer, the barge would be released, to float back if from an upstream boat or to be towed if from a downstream boat.

In the early 1840’s, Alexander County was organized and Thebes designated as the county seat. The elder Barkhausen, by virtue of his education and experience, was given the contract to build a courthouse. Standing to this day as a monument to the ability and integrity of the builder, the structure was made of sandstone from the nearby deposits and from hand-fabricated timbers cut from the forests in the hills. The building is well worth study by modern architects and builders. Located at the brow of the bluff overlooking the village, it at once became a landmark to guide river men in navigating the dangerous channel through “the Chain of Rocks.” The building has suffered some disintegration from lack of care after the transfer of the county seat to Cairo, but it is still known to river men as the “Thebes Courthouse” and it still guides them in the operation of their boats. It also holds the echoes of the voices of men like John A. Logan, John M. Palmer, and others of much more than local note, whose law practice frequently made them guests in the village.

Henry C. Barkhausen, one of the sons of the pioneer, took up the study of medicine. Not having a robust physique and consequently unable to perform the rugged occupations then available, he acquired his medical education by reading such texts as were available in the office of a practicing physician and accompanying the doctor on his rounds. This education by absorption continued until the student had enough confidence in his own ability to administer relief to suffering humanity without his tutor. A Union County physician served as

Henry's tutor and saw the latter launch himself as a full-fledged doctor. At this time, Henry married Catherine Hunsaker, daughter of one of the very early settlers of Union County.

When his preparatory studies were completed, Dr. Barkhausen and his wife located in the village of Thebes and proceeded to administer quinine and Dover's powders, calomel and rhubarb, castor oil and turpentine, elixir of iron, and such other medicinal products which were available to those needing a physician's services. The doctor was the first to locate permanently in Alexander County and for many years was compelled to keep a stable of five or six saddle horses to insure a fresh mount when needed. To reach a distant patient, it was necessary in many cases to ride over poor roads and trails for twenty or thirty miles.

An indication of the sparseness of the settlers is shown in the fact that the doctor's eldest daughter, born in 1846, was the first white child born in the village. After this daughter's marriage to Henry Planert, she and her husband taught in the ungraded country schools of the county for many years and they yet may be remembered by some of the older residents of the county who attended school under one or the other.

One direct descendent of the pioneer Henry Barkhausen still follows the line of his ancestry, and resides at Unity, Illinois. He is William M. (Billy) Planert. Exhibiting the spirit of progress of his pioneer ancestor, he helped to promote and officer the Rural Electrification Administration project of which Alexander County forms a part. He also took active interest in advancing better

school facilities and other local improvements. He served for two years during the first World War in Siberia, was mustered out as a sergeant, was over age



Thebes Courthouse.

Egyptian Key photo.

for service in the recent war, and now follows his ancestral inheritance of making of himself a useful citizen. And, he calls me Dad.

Missouri Pacific Installing More "CTC" Along Its Important Route Through Southern Illinois



Additional centralized traffic control installations now under way between Gale and North Junction and between Dupo and Valley Junction will further increase the operating efficiency of the Missouri Pacific Lines' route through Southern Illinois, officials of the railroad recently announced. Most modern of railway signalling devices, centralized traffic control has been in operation for several years along the 27-miles of Missouri Pacific single track between Flinton and Raddle, Ill., and has proven notably successful in speeding the movement of trains along this route, one of the busiest in America. The photo above shows the centralized traffic control board at Chester, Ill., where the operator on duty can follow the progress of all trains in the control area, directing their movements by setting signals and power switches, illustrated at the left, with a flip of the levers on the panel before him. Written orders are unnecessary and trains need not wait for switches to be thrown.

(Advertisement)

Popcorn Grows in Egypt

By A. L. OXFORD

A new kind of corn is being grown in southeastern Egypt.
It has possibilities of becoming a major crop for the area.

WHY does popcorn pop? The farmers of Gallatin County are interested in telling you about it because the popcorn industry gives them an annual net profit of about one-half million dollars.

The popcorn industry is a recent agricultural and commercial development in Egypt. Following years of inbreeding and experimentation with various processes, the modern form of popcorn was evolved.

Most of the starch in a grain of popcorn is of a hard, horny character with a very small amount of soft, white starch near the center. The soft starch in the embryo must contain a small amount of moisture. Upon application of heat, the moisture creates steam which is trapped by the hard surface surrounding it. With increased temperature, the steam pressure erupts the whole grain into a bit of fluff.

This bit of fluff is the now popular confectionery sold in every community in the country. It is acquiring institutional characteristics, since children and many adults cannot seem to enjoy a motion picture without the accompaniment of crunching popcorn.

Popcorn has been grown in Gallatin County on a small scale for the past sixty years. One of the leading agricultural counties of Egypt, Gallatin County is particularly suited for popcorn growth. Bordered by both the Wabash and Ohio rivers, it has fifty-seven per cent good bottom farming land with less than two per cent slope. It has always been a leading corn producing county of Egypt. The past ten years Gallatin County has developed its popcorn acreage to such an extent that in 1944 it planted four thousand acres of popcorn and harvested fifty-five per cent of all popcorn produced in the State. Estimates for 1945 reveal that approximately eight thousand acres have been under cultivation.

Gallatin's additional advantage for popcorn produc-

tion stems from the fact that its annual rainfall is normally between 35 and 40 inches. The climate is warm enough for the corn to be air-cured both on the stalk and in the crib until it reaches a required moisture content of fourteen per cent or less. These advantages are not enjoyed in the area one hundred miles north nor in Iowa, which is the largest popcorn growing state in the Union. In those parts the popcorn must be dried by mechanical processes which increase production costs considerably.

Actually there are only five distinct types of popcorn: White Rice, Queens Golden, South American, Jap or Hulless, and Tom Thumb. None of these varieties has averaged a yield of more than fifteen hundred pounds per acre, but new hybrid developments since 1939, at Purdue University at Lafayette, Indiana, have carried popcorn culture to its present high productive capacity. Doctor Arthur M. Brunson and Glen M. Smith of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C., also merit recognition for carrying popcorn breeding to a high standard. Smith was the man who bred Golden Cross Bantam sweet corn, and that project alone serves him as a monument of practical results reaching a height seldom achieved by corn breeders.

Of the ten popcorn hybrids developed, three show a popping expansion of 30 to 1, while most of the old varieties have an expansion of between 15 and 18 to 1.

Gallatin County farmers report yields of high quality hybrid popcorn of 3500 to 4500 pounds per acre. More than seventy per cent of the total acreage this year in the county was hybrid seed, and the growers are expecting an average yield of three thousand pounds.

The best land possible is used because the popcorn has a shallow root system. High analysis fertilizer is used as well as the standard supplements of lime, phosphate, and plow-under clovers. Planting time begins late in May or early June, just before ordinary field corn. An ordinary corn planter is used with a special type of popcorn plate attachment. The rate of seed is four pounds per acre, with seeds planted eight to twelve inches apart, depending on soil fertility. The popcorn is cultivated three or four times and allowed to dry until late October when it is gathered and stored in cribs for further curing.

The curing period lasts from six to eight weeks. After it is dried sufficiently to allow only a fourteen per cent moisture content, it is ready for shelling, screening, grading, and packing for shipment.

There are three methods of marketing the popcorn crop. A large percentage of the corn is sold directly out of the field at shucking time to buyers who come

G. C. Adkins Popcorn Elevator, Shawneetown.



to Gallatin County from the larger cities, including St. Louis and Chicago. At the field the corn is sold on the cob by the pound to the buyers at an OPA ceiling price of \$3.68 per hundred. The second method is to have local elevators and popcorn elevators buy the crop at shucking time. After drying, shelling, screening, grading, and bagging the popcorn, it is sold as processed corn at an OPA maximum of \$8.75 per hundred, f.o.b. shipping point. The third method of marketing involves the grower himself in the same procedure that is followed by the elevators.



W. E. Miner, one of the largest growers of Gallatin County, and A. L. Oxford, Gallatin County Farm Adviser, inspecting field of popcorn.

One need not be very old to remember when a pan or popper with popcorn kernels produced no more than eighty per cent of the white, fluffy food. Today, because of the work done by academic scientists at agricultural schools and by practical farmers in the field, the final yield to the consumer is almost one hundred per cent. Gallatin farmers have taken a great interest in improving one of their major products. They glow with internal satisfaction when they see Egyptians and others munch the mountains of crispy white fluffs sprinkled profusely with salt and yellow-stained in streaks with butter. The eating of popcorn is as truly American as pumpkin pie for Hallowe'en and turkey with cranberries for Thanksgiving. Gallatin County farmers are confident that popcorn "is here to stay."

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Looking Ah

By E

CARMi

The City of Carmi, population a little over 5000, is doing things to make far larger communities in Egypt sit up and take notice.

Most recent of a number of projects approaching success are ten sewer projects for which contracts have been let, amounting to \$213,310. These contracts leave a fund of \$246,689 for a sewage disposal plant, out of the original sewer bond issue of almost one-half million dollars.

Carmi has come far in a short time, and announces it intends going much farther. It has \$160,000 in the treasury, owns its water and electricity plants and airport. It either has under way or in the definite promise stage, a half-million-dollar bridge, a railroad underpass, a new hospital, a new hotel, a new city hall, a new courthouse, improved school buildings, widened, repaved, and better lighted streets, a rejuvenated telephone system, three new sub-divisions, plus a city lake and recreation area. No ten or twenty year plan, this, for with its veterans coming back now, the city's plans are for now!

A little over a year ago, Carmi took the old disreputable White County Farm, turned it into a modern airport with two 2400-foot and one 1200-foot runways. All three are to be doubled in length. An auxiliary field is provided the C.A.A. The airport works with the local high school in its vocational program, and has thirty flying students. R. Walter Cartier, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, flies wherever he goes. Carmi is moving fast, and knows where she is going.

The bridge, with the money already granted by the State, will be a four lane highway across Little Wabash River, extending Carmi's Main Street. The first street north and the first street south of Main, now ending near the river, will be extended at an angle so that they, too, will enter the bridge and will carry part of the downtown traffic load.

Within a month after a public meeting in which citizens actively discussed the need for an underpass beneath the tracks of the New York Central and the Louisville and Nashville lines which cut off North Carmi, the rail-

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Highways 1 and 14

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th Egypt

NELL

roads had engineers on the ground studying the matter.

Part of the present courthouse was built in 1828; it and the old Carmi Hotel will be razed for the new courthouse. Other plans are completed for a \$75,000 city hall, a \$181,000 hospital, and enlargements amounting to \$380,000 to the city's schools. Immediate improvements include extension of the city's street lighting system and the widening and repaving with concrete of a number of streets.

Private capital is not inactive. A group of local men have formed a corporation to build a \$200,000 hotel at the present location of the ancient Majestic Hotel. Over one hundred homes have been built, and forty more are in late stages of construction to ease the housing shortage, acute in Carmi as elsewhere. A building loan fund for private homes has been raised locally, and three new subdivisions are exhibiting growing pains.

Establishment of three new post-war industries in the city is proving a partial answer to the all-important problem of employment for the returning servicemen and women — a problem in which Carmi has gone on record as saying she will take care of her own. Plans are readied for a new White County Farm Bureau building, construction to start soon. One drawback to this vigorously growing city has been the old-fashioned "screw-up-the-box" telephone. Complete dial service and necessary additions to company buildings have been promised by the Illinois Commercial Telephone Company.

All the stirring and stretching that this city is doing in commercial and industrial fields, in population and in civic thinking, has indicated one other municipal need. As a result, Carmi eventually will have its own beautiful lake and park above the city. In fact, in the realm of forward thinking is the expressed hope that amphibian planes will fly Carmi folk regularly to the larger Crab Orchard Lake for swimming, boating, and fishing.

CHESTER

A new and better Chester Bridge will be ready for public service about May or June, 1946, if everything continues smoothly. Pile driving started October 15 and has progressed with few bad weather stoppages. All

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Photo by R. W. Cartier, Carmi.

Aerial view of Carmi, showing Main Street, with bridge across the Little Wabash River in the foreground.

of the steel has been delivered and drilled for riveting. Work is expected to continue until the structure is finished.

BENTON

A city bus line has been established, providing the first public transportation service in the city's history.

SHAWNEETOWN

Rehabilitation will be started early in 1946 of the famous old bank building erected in 1839. Now owned by the State, it will be available for community meetings.

GOREVILLE

Nearing completion is the new finishing plant of the Northern Handle Company, maker of hickory handles. Rough handle blanks now are being cut in the firm's three plants near Murphysboro. The new Goreville plant will do finishing. The company came to Southern Illinois from Bowling Green, Missouri, to be in the heart of the large supply of hickory timber suited to the manufacture of high grade handles.

CARBONDALE

Prairie Farms Creamery is carrying out long awaited plans to expand sufficiently, according to Manager Harold C. Brackett, to provide a year around market for all the milk produced in Egypt.

Nearest to completion is installation of equipment to process milk into four different types of products, mixes for candy and ice cream, and powdered milk for baking. Onion-flavored milk, bane of dairymen, is completely

freshened and all foreign flavor taken out in the processing.

New boilers, about ready for use, will increase the available horsepower of the plant from 150 to 600. With the present 818 frozen food lockers crowded to capacity, plans are under way to build shortly 652 more, providing a total of 1470 for the Locker Association.

Construction proceeds rapidly on a modern, sanitary slaughterhouse just north of the main building. This structure, to cost about \$25,000, will be large enough to process fifteen hogs an hour, and to provide facilities for chilling and aging meat.

JOHNSTON CITY

Improved telephone service by the end of 1946 is the expectation of the Illinois Commercial Telephone Company and the citizens of Johnston City as the utility soon will start installing dial phones. A new building will be occupied shortly, and will house new equipment as it is available.

HARRISBURG

The Sahara Coal Company, with offices at Chicago and Harrisburg, has established nine scholarships at the University of Illinois for the training of potential scientists. Four are four-year scholarships for undergraduates, four are one-year aids for master's degrees, and one is for a three-year doctor's degree. Open to all students, preference will be given to applicants from Saline County and to those whose fathers are now or formerly were employed by the company. Award recommendations shall be made by the university's department of mining and metallurgical engineering.

MOUNT VERNON

With the delivery of one bus and the promised delivery of two more early in January, bus service has been started.

ST. FRANCISVILLE

A toll bridge will be constructed across the Wabash River. It will replace a ferry, and will connect State 137 with an Indiana highway to Vincennes.

RED BUD

A new high school and gymnasium to cost \$150,000 will be built, as soon as materials are available, on twelve acres of land donated by citizens.

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OFFICES IN

Centralia	Marion
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Mt. Vernon	Robinson

West Frankfort

LIMERICK FINANCE
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CARBONDALE

Triangle Construction Company, a ready-mix concrete firm, completed a new plant north of the city and began operations in December. A proportioning plant has been built which pours correct amounts of materials into self-mixing trucks, to be mixed enroute to the job. The firm has started with a fleet of ten trucks of four tons capacity each.

MOUNT CARMEL

The Wabash Company, which has purchased the plant formerly occupied by the Marx Clothing Company, will open in January employing about three hundred persons.

RED HILLS STATE PARK

Work on the development of this new state park will be started in the spring.

MASCOÛTAH

A new industry for the manufacture of restaurant and hotel ranges has announced that it plans to build a \$30,000 plant for the production of 4500 ranges a year. The firm will employ fifty to sixty men. It plans to build next door to another new firm, the Modern Foundry Company, which will make castings for the stove company.

DU QUOIN

Following its most successful year, the Du Quoin State Fair has started action on ambitious building plans. Ground has been broken on several projects which, according to President W. R. Hayes, will be completed in time for the 1946 event.

Outstanding among the new structures will be a new grandstand of concrete, steel, and glass brick, capable of seating eight to ten thousand persons. Several thousand more will be accommodated in an open paddock section. The new grandstand will contain a large mezzanine exhibit room, a 100-foot cafeteria, and eight rest rooms. Three new fireproof livestock buildings are being started, a stallion barn and a brood mare barn, to be erected on the east side of the race track, and a hog and sheep building in the show area. The last structure will have space for 1500 animals in addition to a show ring and pavilion in the center.

Also ready for next season will be an imposing new entrance to the fair, of glass brick and Bedford limestone.

Construction also is to start soon on a Coca-Cola bottling plant which is described by Hayes as the "finest anywhere." It will be located adjacent to and north of the show area near the landscaped lake and grounds which Hayes made from deserted strip mine spoilbanks.

GRAYVILLE

Land is being bought for a \$100,000 water reservoir and sewage disposal plant.

CENTRALIA

With two thousand coal cars out of the way by next March, the Illinois Central Railroad car shops will roll ahead with a 1946 building program which includes 300 automobile cars, 500 fifty-ton box cars, 500 fifty-ton 52-foot long flat cars, and 500 fifty-ton all-steel gondola cars. The coal car program began last May, putting into service six to eight all-steel cars a day.

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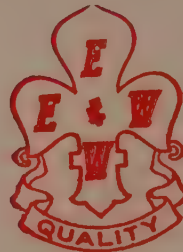
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CARBONDALE

Bids have been asked for the paving of the cut-off on State 13 which will eliminate the sharply angled dog-leg between Carbondale and Crab Orchard Lake.

ZEIGLER

A new exchange building will be the home of the Zeigler office of the Illinois Commercial Telephone Company early in the spring.

GIANT CITY

Modernization of the cabins in Giant City State Park is to start in early spring.

GRAYVILLE

A new war memorial park overlooking the Wabash River was dedicated Armistice Day.

MOUNT VERNON

Seventy-five additional persons will be employed by the Carnation Milk Company in its new can factory now under construction at the local condensing plant.

MURPHYSBORO

A ten-year franchise has been granted the Murphysboro Bus Company. Service will start early in 1946 as soon as buses are available.

HERRIN

In spite of construction delays caused by shortages of materials, the goal of April 1 still is held by Norge officials for the beginning of operations in the new Herrin plant. Steel framework of the large factory building is completed.

CARBONDALE

Naval Reserve Lieutenant Paul F. McRoy, awaiting discharge, and his parents, Ann E. Searing and John H. Searing, have received a license to operate a facsimile radio station at Carbondale, to have call letters WCIL.

MOUNT VERNON

A corporation charter has been issued to a radio and television firm to own, acquire, and operate radio stations, including experimental television and facsimile stations.

HARRISBURG

A future answer to Harrisburg's water shortage problem is assured with the approval of a Federal grant of \$224,350 for the construction of a dam and reservoir south of the city. A lake of 250 acres will be formed, which, when filled will provide up to two billion gallons of water. An eighteen-inch pipe line will be built by the city.

CHESTER

A new bus line offers, at present, half-hour service for a ten-cent fare.

CARBONDALE

The city council has authorized a bus line, to be operated by Phillip Kimmel and Associates, as soon as buses are available.

Why

put up with part-time hot water "service"? At a cost of pennies per day you can enjoy full-time hot water service with an

Automatic Gas Water Heater

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CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS



Sorghum Time

By J. O. GIBBE

Photograph of diorama
in SINU museum.
Courtesy John W. Allen

Old Dan circles 'round and 'round
A stalk strewn path on dusty ground,
While Mr. Jim with studious face,
Places each stalk in proper place
In the vicious rollers of the iron mill,
And the juice flows out in a tiny rill,
Then follows a pipe to the boiling pan,
Into the care of the sorghum man.

Down by the furnace o'er bubbling pan,
Peering thru steam, the sorghum man
Deftly his strainer stirs and dips,
While the sticky faucet with syrup drips;

Women and children gather there
Enticed by fragrance in the air;
With hand-made spoon they taste the sweet,
And wish for a biscuit, too, to eat.

As I watch that bubbling sorghum pan,
I think how good God is to man;
I wonder who was first to learn
From a stalk of cane the sweet to turn;
I wonder if many blessings more
Aren't waiting yet for us in store?
If we studied God in a humbler way
We would find more sweets along the way.

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You are invited to become a member of the GREATER EGYPT ASSOCIATION

Who may belong? It does not matter whether you are man, woman or child, a resident of Egypt or elsewhere, a service club, a business firm, an industrial organization, there is a place for you in this association if you fulfill one requirement: Do you love Egypt, its hills, its fields, and its people; and do you wish to see them prosper? Then, indeed, you are already a member in spirit.

What does it cost? Annual Sustaining (voting) Membership, \$10; Annual Affiliate Membership for clubs, industries, etc., any substantial amount over \$10; Annual Participating (non-voting) Membership, \$1.

Why should you belong? Here, at last, is an opportunity to put your pride to work. If you believe, first, that Egypt holds great promise of good living and happiness for you and your children, and second, that the Lord helps those who help themselves, then join us in *taking organized action* to make Egypt better. Below are listed briefly actions already started. These are only a beginning.

"Nutshell" report on actions to date:

- Asked Egyptian newspapers to drop the historically inaccurate "little"; their co-operation has been excellent.
- Sharply protested abandonment of addition to Veterans Hospital at Marion; consideration now re-opened.
- Advertised upstate an invitation to visit Egypt during the autumn colors.
- Petitioned Congress through Illinois senators to provide rehabilitation funds for National Forest facilities.
- Invited State Historical Society to meet in Egypt, and to tour area's scenic and historic spots. Invitation accepted for May, 1946.
- Presented to State a list and program of thirty suggested public improvements in area. At least three will start this year.

Every civic-minded person, wherever he now lives, is invited to help make Egypt better, through personal membership in the

GREATER EGYPT ASSOCIATION
Box 777, Carbondale, Illinois

Egyptorials

Military Training

Congress has before it the subject of universal military training. It is proposed to take one year out of the life of every young man in the United States and during that year put him into the military service of the country for military training.

Did we lose the war just ended? It sounds as if we did.

Some of us thought the last war was fought against just such ideas. Against militarism. Against fascism. Against despotism. Against autocracy. Against dictatorship. Were we wrong?

We believe in military training; but it should be carried out without dictatorship, without loss of education, without all the evils attendant to having it done under the jurisdiction of the military department of the government.

How many boys who will go into servitude to the military will return to take up their studies again? Three-fourths; one-half; one-quarter? The damage that will be done to the education of our youth cannot be estimated.

Surely the colleges and universities of our country are capable of giving military training. Army officers on detached service can be employed to provide the instruction. The difference is one of method and ideals. It is voluntary rather than compulsory.

Is it not possible to convict the proponents of this youth slavery with their own arguments? They say that with the advent of the atomic bomb America is subject to attack any time, any place. They tell us of the catastrophic results of the release of one atomic bomb.

If that be so, then what good will be armies? Concentrated masses of troops to be blown to smithereens with one atomic bomb?

If the atomic bomb is the danger to America, the money suggested to be spent on military training of mass troops had better be spent on chemical and mechanical and electrical research to provide a positive defense against atomic energy.

The idea of compulsory military training through a year's serfdom of our youth is horrific. If that is a necessary step to insure the future of America then we have builded wrong for 162 years.

America's hopes for a peaceful future and a successful prosecution of any wars in which we may become involved lie in minding our own business and spending our energies to prepare ourselves to defend our land against aggressors. We cannot defend ourselves with slingshots if the other nations are using guns. We cannot defend ourselves with guns if the other nations are using atomic bombs.

This is no time for hysteria and all the evils that accompany it. When the ironclad made its appearance in the Civil War, when the submarine was invented by Simon Lake, when the Wright Brothers developed the flying machine, the alarmists made dire predictions. What did we do? We developed a technique to match those inventions and developments. We didn't put our youth into military slavery then and we shouldn't now.

The military, the war-lords, the big-money manufac-

turers of war materials, the professional politicians, all, are advocates of compulsory military training. Thinking Americans are not. What profiteth America to gain the whole world if she lose the individual freedom our forefathers fought for?

Your Congress reflects you. Have you spoken?

G. W. Smith

George Washington Smith is gone. To thousands of the citizens of Egypt, the news of his passing was read with sincere feeling. For forty years Professor G. W. Smith had carried the torch of history in Egypt. He had carried it when it was not the popular thing to do. He pioneered in the development of historical appreciation in the area. He started thousands of teachers thinking along historical lines.

The good that men do *does* live after them. Those of us who have more than a passing interest in history and especially in the history of our own area will always appreciate the pathways so well marked for us by George Washington Smith.

Egypt's University

The Act of the General Assembly that empowered the creation of a liberal arts university at Carbondale, specifically sets out certain fields in which our university can not engage. Those restrictions may or may not have been right. Nevertheless they are in the Act and will remain there until sufficient demand is made for their removal.

Until that time must Egypt's university sit quietly by and make no effort to develop? There is no need for marking time. There are many fields in which Southern is not restricted. Some of these fields especially are in need of development in Egypt.

With such a great timber land as is Southern Illinois, a department of forestry is necessary at Southern. Not a department to train professional foresters, but a department that will provide the necessary training of Egyptian youths to enable them to harvest the timber crops of the area, scientifically and profitably.

Likewise, a horticultural department to develop a knowledge of our natural fruit and berry lands is essential. The youth of Egypt should be able to get such training at home without the terrific expense of going outside the area for it.

Wildlife management is another field that should be developed at Southern. With the coming into prominence of recreation as one of the leading businesses of the nation, wildlife management is moving to the front as a profession or business—call it what you will.

There are almost one hundred publications in Southern Illinois. There is no school of journalism in Egypt. A journalism department would provide another opportunity for Southern to serve the area.

Where can a young Egyptian learn photography and the many new uses of it in this world? Not at SINU at present. A department of photography would offer another new field to Egypt's university.

Let SINU carve its own niche in the educational field and serve its own area in ways needed by that area.



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